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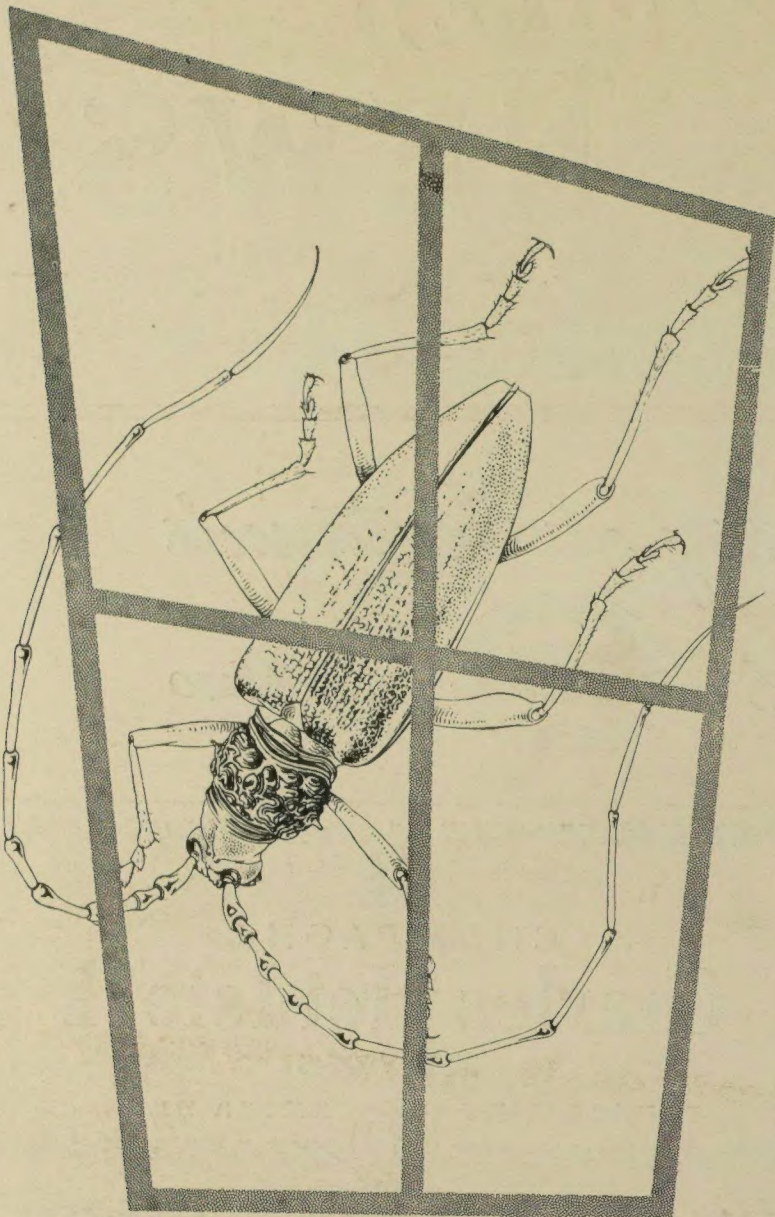


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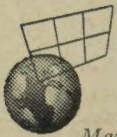


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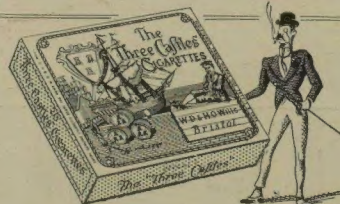
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1954.



## NEW ZEALAND WELCOMES THE QUEEN: HER MAJESTY ACKNOWLEDGES THE CHEERS AT AUCKLAND TOWN HALL, IN THE RAIN—AND THE DEPUTY MAYOR TAKES OFF HIS MACKINTOSH TO LAY IT ROUND HER SHOULDERS.

On December 23 the S.S. *Gothic* berthed at a wharf in Auckland, after a three-day voyage from Tonga. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh disembarked, and the Royal tour of New Zealand had begun. They were greeted by the Governor-General of New Zealand, Lieut.-General Sir Willoughby Norrie, and Lady Norrie, and then set off on a ceremonial drive through the streets of Auckland to Government House, in persistent light rain. After five days in Auckland, with

many official ceremonies and public appearances, the Royal couple then motored to Whenuapai Airport, and after presentation of the Queen's Colour to the Royal New Zealand Air Force, began a series of visits to Northland, the narrow, 200-mile peninsula stretching northwards into the Pacific. She there visited Waitangi, in the Bay of Islands, where the sovereignty of Queen Victoria was acknowledged in 1840 by Maori chieftains, who signed the Treaty of Waitangi.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE most beautiful place in London—more beautiful even than the Abbey or Wren's glorious St. Paul's—is Kensington Gardens. Its beauty, though dependent on the slow processes of nature and the changes of the seasons, is almost entirely due to the wisdom and good taste of our ancestors, laying out landscape and planting trees in an age when the aristocratic principle of aiming always at the best still ruled our society. It was a principle which, as we know, often led to the unjust and damaging sacrifice of the ordinary and normal, yet, whatever may be said against it, it certainly led to the endowment of posterity—that is, ourselves—with a historical heritage of great wealth and beauty, most of it, unfortunately, far beyond our own less distinguished capacity to imitate. We cannot plan and plant beauty for the future on the generous and dignified scale that came so naturally to our forefathers, for we have scarcely any idea of how even to set about it. Our highest essay in this line is an amusement park or a gargantuan departmental barracks erected at vast cost by a firm of engineering contractors for the habitation of clerks and files and adorned on the outside by grotesque, primeval, though temporarily fashionable, statuary. We could never conceive, let alone have the patience and consistency to create, a Salisbury Cathedral, a Windsor Great Park, or the avenue at Stowe. We shall not be able to equal such achievements until our new democracy has, while remaining a democracy, acquired the creative capacity and good taste of an aristocracy—the ultimate if still unconscious goal, as I believe, of our struggling society. Until that day, therefore, a great responsibility rests on the shoulders of those who are the custodians, statutory or otherwise, of the creations of our great cultural past.

High among such possessions I rate Kensington Gardens—once a royal pleasure-ground and now an essential lung of our vast, overgrown metropolis. Matthew Arnold's beautiful poem written about it a century ago, and which I quoted not long ago on this page, still describes it truly as a wooded haunt, miraculously secluded from the world in the very midst of urban noise and congestion and open to every lover of nature seeking quiet and spiritual renewal. It appears that by next summer it may be so no longer. I do

not know who is the ultimate authority responsible for the preservation of the Royal Parks, but, if it is, as I understand, our vigorous and enthusiastic Minister of Works, Sir David Eccles, of Coronation Day fame, it looks as though he may unwittingly earn the least enviable fame of any British Minister of the last century. For within the past few weeks ominous signs have appeared on many of the great elm-trees in that beautiful wooded park, and, if these signs mean what I fear—I hope mistakenly—and that it is being said they mean, the beauty and artificial remoteness of the gardens, with their splendid avenues, that consoled and delighted three generations of Londoners during the Victorian era and which have consoled and delighted three more during my own lifetime, will be swept away. For the next half-century, until the fallen trees' successors—which I suppose Sir David's subordinates will plant after the massacre, if the Treasury permit them—have grown to manhood, a large part of the Gardens will become a bare, open space like so much of Regent's Park. London's only equivalent to the Bois de Boulogne will be an urban wood no longer. Had this proposed massacre been anticipated by the so-called planners who, in all their all-powerful Departments now rule our lives, even so wholesale a felling of splendid trees as now appears to be intended would not be fatal to London's beauty and amenity—or, I would suggest to so much of its attraction to foreigners—for there would have been successive generations of younger trees ready to take the place of the departing giants. But as little thought appears to have been given in the past to such a consideration, this, unhappily, will not be the case. If all the large trees now marked are to be felled at once, the whole character of the Gardens will be changed for many years, and even generations, to come. And I suppose

the just answer of past departmental chiefs to such a charge of improvidence would be that they could never have anticipated that anyone would be so blind to beauty, and so regardless of the heritage handed down for safeguarding to posterity, as to order a clean sweep simultaneously of so many fine trees. I know that technical considerations of an impressive kind can be advanced—and no doubt out of the most conscientious motives—for levelling all these fine trees at one swoop; there is elm-disease, and there is always a danger of old elms dropping a limb or falling suddenly in a gale. But, as a lover and, in a humble way, a planter of forest trees, I maintain, with diffidence, that this is not a sufficient reason for depriving Londoners and London of their only real wood, and of so much beauty, for so long. From all over the Gardens, as the great trees go down, the houses, hotels and offices—mercifully hidden for country lovers by these friendly shades—will suddenly be revealed, and the magic and enchantment of two hundred years will vanish with the scream of the murderous saws. And the destruction will be irrevocable. Even if replanting on such a scale as that of the wise and generous past is intended, its effects will not be achieved until most of those now playing as children in the doomed trees' shade are in the grave or old men and women. Concrete buildings can be made in a day, but not great trees.

And is not the fear of the possible danger to the public of falling trees and branches a little unrealistic and illogical? If those in authority over us consistently treated the safety of our lives and limbs as the over-riding consideration governing their public policy, their attitude about these noble trees and their proposed sacrifice of London's heritage of beauty might seem reasonable enough. But, in fact, they allow us, in the name of the gods of speed and administrative convenience, to be subjected to far greater dangers than any threatening us from the decay of elderly elm-trees. Every time I cross Knightsbridge and the south carriage road in the Park to reach Kensington Gardens I incur a far greater risk of injury and death than I do by walking with my dog in these beautiful glades. For the sake apparently of speeding up the traffic, the authorities have recently allowed the half-mile track of roadway between Prince's Gate and Knightsbridge to

become a speedway; no attempt appears to be made to enforce any speed-limit, and even 'buses and lorries now hurtle down the eastward slope, on their way to the stationary traffic-block at Albert Gate, at thirty, forty and sometimes even fifty miles an hour. At rush hours the safest way nowadays to cross the road into the Park at Rutland Gate is to run! This may be very good for an ageing pedant, but it scarcely seems compatible with the motto of "Safety First!"—more inglorious even than the now derided "Safety First!"—which the public authorities of this country seem lately to have adopted towards its trees. Nor, for that matter, does the new administrative practice of allowing the cars of Civil Servants, contractors and policemen to take flying short-cuts across the Park and Gardens along its foot-paths. If, therefore, my fears for the scores of marked giants in Kensington Gardens are not groundless, may I appeal to Sir David Eccles, who is a brave and imaginative man, to take further counsel with his permanent advisers and ask them to apply, in their anxiety for the heads and hats of her Majesty's subjects, a wider sense of proportion? Perhaps they might even be asked, before cutting down the trees, to work out one of those ingenious statistical tables so dear to the hearts of Public Relations Departments, which would show, like the figures provided by our aviation authorities to prove the safety of flying, how many years a man would have to spend in Kensington Gardens before his likelihood of being killed by a falling branch accrued. If proved to be anything over a million years, I, for one, would gladly accept the risk for the decades or so the Fates may still leave me on earth, and gratefully record my vote for any Minister who has the humanity and common-sense to allow me to do so!

#### THE PRESIDENT-ELECT OF FRANCE GREETED BY THE PRESIDENT.



SHAKING HANDS WITH M. VINCENT AURIOL, WHOM HE SUCCEEDS AS PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: M. RENÉ COTY (RIGHT) (WHO WAS ELECTED AT THE THIRTEENTH BALLOT ON DECEMBER 23), AT THE ÉLYSÉE, THE PRESIDENTIAL RESIDENCE.

In the history of the French Presidential elections there is no parallel to the prolonged difficulty with which a successor to M. Auriol was found. Political manoeuvring and the Radical determination to block the chances of the Premier, M. Laniel, resulted in the elections continuing for a week, from December 17 until December 23, since the failure of any candidate to secure the necessary absolute majority of votes entailed thirteen ballots. M. Laniel retired after the eleventh. In the twelfth ballot at 6 p.m. on December 23, M. Coty was 11 votes short of the required number. The thirteenth ballot followed at once, and at 10 p.m. it was announced that M. Coty had been elected President, having polled 477 votes (436 was the necessary number); and the ceremony of investiture followed shortly afterwards. M. Coty's modest and sincere speech roused admiration. M. Auriol's mandate does not expire till January 17, so the President-elect has three weeks before officially assuming office. M. Coty, an Independent Conservative, was called to the Bar of his native town, Le Havre, in 1902. He entered Parliament in 1923, and in 1935 was elected as Senator. In 1948 he was elected a member of the Council of the Republic and in 1949 became a Vice-President of that body (the Upper House of the French Parliament, now usually called the Senate).





1. MANGLED WRECKAGE OF THE TRAIN ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER WANGAEHU. 2. ONE OF THE SIX COACHES THAT PLUNGED INTO THE RIVER. 3. THE WRECKED BRIDGE OVER WHICH THE TRAIN CRASHED INTO THE SWIRLING WATERS OF WANGAEHU RIVER. 4. RESCUE WORKERS AT THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER. 5. THE FLOODED WATERS SWIRL AROUND ONE OF THE SMASHED CARRIAGES. [Pictures by radio.]

#### THE CHRISTMAS EVE RAILWAY DISASTER IN NEW ZEALAND: WRECKAGE OF THE WELLINGTON—AUCKLAND EXPRESS.

The worst railway disaster in New Zealand's history occurred late on Christmas Eve, when the locomotive and six carriages of the Wellington—Auckland express plunged over the Tangiwai Bridge into the River Wangaehu, in North Island. Of over 270 passengers, 117 were known to be dead at the time of writing, whilst twenty-nine were missing. H.M. the Queen, making the first Royal Christmas Day broadcast from overseas, at Government House, Auckland, spoke of the tragedy and sent a message of sympathy to those who had been bereaved. Later, Mr. S. G. Holland, Prime Minister of New Zealand, informed

the Queen that it had been established beyond doubt that the cause of the accident was the eruption of Mt. Ruapehu, a 9000-ft. volcano, which had shown signs of activity in recent years and now, in driving a tunnel through its wall of ice, had released a large mass of water from a lake contained within the crater. The resulting torrent had poured down the mountainside and had evidently surged into the River Wangaehu and carried away part of the Tangiwai railway bridge only a few minutes before the Wellington express was due to cross it.



# "O JULIUS CÆSAR! THOU ART MIGHTY YET!"

"CÆSAR," By GÉRARD WALTER; Translated from the French by EMMA CRAUFURD.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. WALTER'S life of Cæsar is formidable at first sight but written in such an easy and natural way, even when the scenes depicted are most panoramic or most crowded, that it has all the attraction (though there is a scrupulous adherence to fact) of a good historical novel. For me at least it has another attraction also: he sticks to his theme without theorizing about it. "It is not for me," he says, "to draw conclusions from this study which records only the stages of a life and stops when that life comes to an end. As for the earthly creature, deified, and seen as the perpetual symbol of the will to power which will torture the world for as long as there are men to inhabit it—such a subject is outside the range of this book, which, I repeat, is only a simple historical account." He mentions the fact that Cæsar was an epileptic without discoursing on epilepsy as the occupational disease, or even as the stimulating factor, of great conquerors. He refers to Cæsar as a downright atheist, whilst recording his tenure of the office of Pontifex Maximus and his boastings (probably impressive to the Roman mob) of descent from the goddess Venus, whom he even converted into a goddess of war, without speculating as to what,

read Horace (who was studying Greek in Athens when the daggers were plunged into the man about to be King) we are in a world at least as full of amenity and sensibility as that of his Walpole namesake. When we read Virgil we read a man so humane and meditative that the Middle Ages regarded him as something near a Christian saint. Roman luxury has never been outdone, and Roman conveniences only equalled in modern times; they had central heating, tall blocks of flats and a postal service as rapid as anything we knew until the railways came. They were great engineers and great lawyers, and if they did not surpass in the production of great works of art they knew where to get them and got them. Yet how horrible are the descriptions of Cæsar's succession of triumphs!

In the first, Vercingetorix, hero of the Gaulish Resistance, walked in chains. He had been kept in chains six years for that, and was killed as soon as the great day was over. In the second, the leading figure was the little Egyptian Princess, Arsinoë, also in chains, and leading a procession of prisoners. Her sister, Cleopatra, by whom Cæsar had had a child (later murdered by Augustus), whom he intended to marry, and with whom he was reputed to be contemplating the establishment of a new capital in Alexandria, was complacently looking on. The African triumph, which came next, presented a problem.

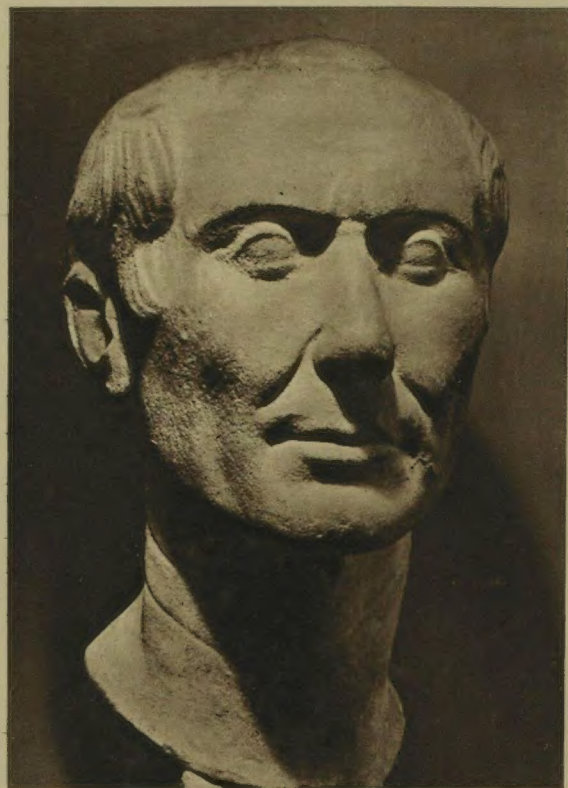
For one thing, there may have been a shortage of loot, those chariot-loads of gold and silver, bronzes and marbles, which had adorned the former pageants. For another, the war in Africa was a war mainly against Romans and Cæsar could not be allowed to derive glory from civil strife. "He solved the difficulty by presenting this war as having been directed primarily against the King of Numidia and, as proof, he could think of nothing better than to exhibit as chief prisoner the son of Juba, the child of five whom he had brought back to Italy. He made up for this by introducing into the procession a series of striking pictures dramatizing the end of Pompey's struggle. One of them showed Scipio slitting open his stomach and throwing himself into the sea; another depicted Petreius stabbing himself to death in the middle of a meal, and yet another represented Cato tearing out his entrails like a wild beast."

It all reads like a ghastly parody of the Lord Mayor's Show. Had Cæsar not supposed that he was giving the public what they wanted, those barbarous pictures would not have been there. He miscalculated the effect; they evoked not cheers but terror. Yet, as one looks at a portrait-bust of Cæsar there is, for all the rigidity of his careworn features

and the sternness of his look, no touch of that brutality and sensuality so evident in the countenances of some of his successors: it is a noble head, and the face suggests discipline of self as well as of others.

What did he want? Why did he go on? Where did he intend to go? There is no end to the questions. In that age, I suppose, once you got involved in civil broils at all you simply had to go on, in the hope of not being executed. If you joined a party you ran the risk of that party not being successful, and if you tried to retire from the fray you were liable to be killed by whatever party got on top, simply because you did not join them. Cicero was an example of this latter fate. There is no doubt that he privately rejoiced at the assassination of Cæsar, but he did try to keep in the background with his library and his correspondence. He had been too prominent earlier. Antony had him murdered. He was a man of words and there was no place for such in the foreground of the stage at that time.

Cæsar also is said to have been a superb orator who could sway multitudes or rally troops with his eloquence when he thought it necessary to turn the eloquence on. But the laconic and decisive style of



"THERE IS, FOR ALL THE RIGIDITY OF HIS CAREWORN FEATURES AND THE STERNNESS OF HIS LOOK, NO TOUCH OF THAT BRUTALITY AND SENSUALITY SO EVIDENT IN THE COUNTENANCES OF SOME OF HIS SUCCESSORS: IT IS A NOBLE HEAD, AND THE FACE SUGGESTS DISCIPLINE OF SELF AS WELL AS OF OTHERS": A PORTRAIT BUST OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Arts Council.

his surviving writings better represents this most determined, vigilant and resourceful of men; so habitually in full government of himself that when apparently extravagant actions are reported of him (usually in a military emergency), it is difficult to believe that he was not deliberate in all he did, even when rushing on his enemies' spears, with no certainty that he would be followed. I refer to "surviving writings" because a considerable quantity of his compositions have been lost; including, oddly, a tragedy on Oedipus which is supposed to have been destroyed by Augustus. I can't conceive why, unless the best authorities deemed it not up to the Cæsarean standard. For all we know, the other lost works, like anything Greek or Roman published before 79 A.D., may turn up in a coffer under the lava if ever the excavations at Herculaneum (which could be completed, probably, for less than the annual cost of U.N.E.S.C.O.) are resumed; or if not, they may be found under the sands of Aphroditopolis or some other of these Egyptian sites which have been so fruitful in the past.

We could do with them, and plenty of other documents about Roman history. Mr. Walter produces the impression of a full, packed narrative with very few passages of even plausible surmise. But some of his chapters depend for their information on painfully few authorities, and sometimes he has to depend for his information almost entirely on Plutarch. But Plutarch, though one of the most entertaining of story-tellers and of limners of character, flourished 150 years after Cæsar. He is no more a first-hand authority on the Julian period than I am on the Battle of Waterloo.

However, there is plenty of authentic fact in these two volumes, and the reader can never complain of lack of change of scene. The Cæsar of our schooldays, who seemed to spend most of his time coping with the Ædui, the Usipetes, the Tencteri, the Nervii and the rest of them, or unsuccessfully invading Britain, or going into winter quarters, or crossing the Rubicon, is here, and in full vigour. But he is overshadowed by the general of a hundred other battles, by the conqueror of Spain, of Asia Minor, of Egypt and of North Africa, and by the extremely astute Roman politician. When he was murdered, he had done his work. One more Civil War, and the organised despotism of his vision was established over all the Empire; not least, perhaps, because the Roman world was as tired of civil wars as we were after the Wars of the Roses.

There is an ample bibliography and the notes and references are as full as anyone could wish. But the maps are few and of little use. Some battle-maps might be added in later editions: the account, unillustrated, of the Alexandrian War is most confusing.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by F. D. O'Brien, on page 30 of this issue.



"DESCENDANT OF GODS AND KINGS, CONQUEROR OF THE WORLD AND SUPREME MASTER OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC": JULIUS CÆSAR, WHO WAS ASSASSINATED IN THE SENATE ON MARCH 15, 44 B.C.

(A photograph of the statue in the Capitoline Museum in Rome by W. F. Mansell.)

From the book "Cæsar"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Cassell and Co., Ltd.

if anything, Cæsar believed in beyond this world. He mentions the ghastly cruelties of his campaigns, the wholesale massacres, the cutting-off of a population's hands as a lasting reminder of the penalties of resistance, without discoursing at all on the strangeness of this pitiless man having been in youth an aesthetic dandy and a friend of Catullus, and at all times an ardent lover of women. He never attempts to elucidate the governing motives of Cæsar's career or to distinguish between personal ambitions and political aims; and psycho-analysis seems to be a closed book to him—though I suspect he deliberately closed it himself for the duration of this work.

But self-controlled though he has been in these regards, I doubt if any of his readers will be able to emulate him. I cannot conceive any two readers of this work spending an evening together without sitting up to all hours discussing, debating, conjecturing about, a hundred aspects of Cæsar and his time. For the enigmas and paradoxes of his character and career are reflected in the Roman world of his day. When we

\* "Cæsar." By Gérard Walter. Translated from the French by Emma Craufurd. Two Vols. Maps. (Cassell; 25s. each volume.)



## A LIVING COELACANTH, AND AN AIRBORNE FATHER CHRISTMAS.



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF A LIVING SPECIMEN OF A COELACANTH: A UNIQUE UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY ITALIAN SCIENTISTS OFF THE COMORO ISLANDS, IN THE INDIAN OCEAN. UNTIL 1938 THIS FISH WAS THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN EXTINCT FOR FIFTY MILLION YEARS. THREE SPECIMENS OF THE COELACANTH—A "LIVING FOSSIL"—HAVE NOW BEEN CAUGHT. THE LAST ONE, CAUGHT OFF MADAGASCAR LAST SEPTEMBER, IS TO BE EXHIBITED IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM IN PARIS.



GIFTS FROM THE AIR WITH THE AID OF AN AIRBORNE AMERICAN FATHER CHRISTMAS: A U.S.A.F. HELICOPTER, WITH AIRMAN DRESSED AS SANTA CLAUS, DELIVERING GIFTS FROM RAMSGATE TO THE NORTH GOODWIN LIGHTSHIP ON DECEMBER 17.



# PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**THE FEDERAL PARTY'S VICTORY IN CENTRAL AFRICAN ELECTIONS: SIR GODFREY HUGGINS CASTING HIS VOTE.** On December 14 the electorate of the three territories—Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland—comprising the Federation of Rhodesia, went to the polls. Final results of the general election showed that Sir Godfrey Huggins' Federal Party had a comfortable majority over the Confederate Party and all other groups.



**EN ROUTE FOR THE BAHAMAS: LORD RANFURLY, WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER, AND THEIR DOG AND PARROT.** Our photograph shows the Earl of Ranfurly, the new Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bahamas, arriving in New York from England on his way to Nassau to assume his new duties. With him is his wife and their daughter Caroline, Billy the pekinese and Koko the parrot. Lord Ranfurly, who was born in 1913, was A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Australia from 1936-39.



**WELCOMED BACK TO LIVERPOOL: DR. W. GODFREY (R.) THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP.** Our photograph shows Bishop Halsall greeting Dr. William Godfrey in Liverpool on December 20, when the latter arrived to take formal possession of his See. The Archbishop was driven with a mounted police escort to the Pro-Cathedral, where he presented his Papal Bull of appointment. Nearly 20,000 Roman Catholics lined the streets to welcome him.



**DIED ON DECEMBER 19: DR. ROBERT A. MILLIKAN.**

Dr. Robert A. Millikan, who was eighty-five, was formerly Chairman of the Executive Council of the California Institute of Technology. In 1923 he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Physics for his determination of the charge of the electron and for his photo-electric determination of Planck's constant. He was the first American-born physicist to receive this honour.

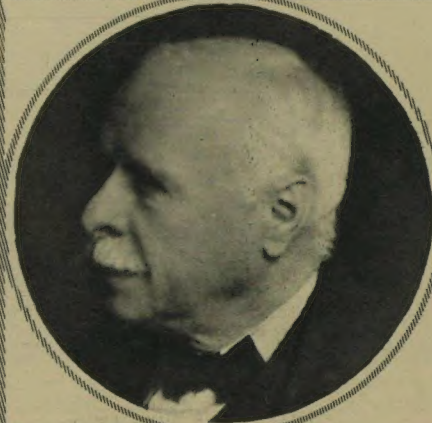


**A MASONIC PILGRIMAGE TO AN HONOURED MEMORIAL OF THE MATABELE WAR OF 1893.** As reported elsewhere in this issue, Southern Rhodesian Masons of the Allan Wilson Lodge recently paid a visit to the scene of the last stand of Major Allan Wilson and the Shangani patrol. The Master (Mr. Etherton) is in front of the obelisk and the Mayor of Bulawayo, Captain Macdonald, extreme left, with the pipes. Thirty members visited this lonely memorial in the bush.



**EXECUTED WITH SIX OTHERS: L. P. BERIA, THE DEPOSED HEAD OF THE SOVIET SECURITY SERVICE.**

Moscow announced on December 23 that Lavrenti Beria, deposed head of the Soviet security service, and six associates also accused of high treason had been sentenced to death and shot. The trial, stated to have lasted six days, was in secret, and the chairman of the court was Marshal Koniev. It was stated that all the accused had "confessed."



**DIED ON DECEMBER 21: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR NEILL MALCOLM.**

Major-General Sir Neill Malcolm, who was eighty-four, was Commander of 66 Division which fought in the Fifth Army during the German offensive in March 1918. He was G.O.C. Straits Settlement from 1921-24, when he retired from the Army, and was chairman of the Royal Institute of International Affairs from 1926-35. He became High Commissioner for German refugees in 1936.



**ARRIVING AT No. 10, DOWNING STREET: COLONEL A. M. MELVILLE, WITH A GIFT TURKEY FOR SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL.**

On December 22 Colonel A. M. Melville, vice-chairman of the British Turkey Federation, took a 40-lb. turkey, bred on his own farm at Chesham, Buckinghamshire, to No. 10, Downing Street. The turkey, a gift from the Federation, was accepted by Lady Churchill on behalf of the Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill.

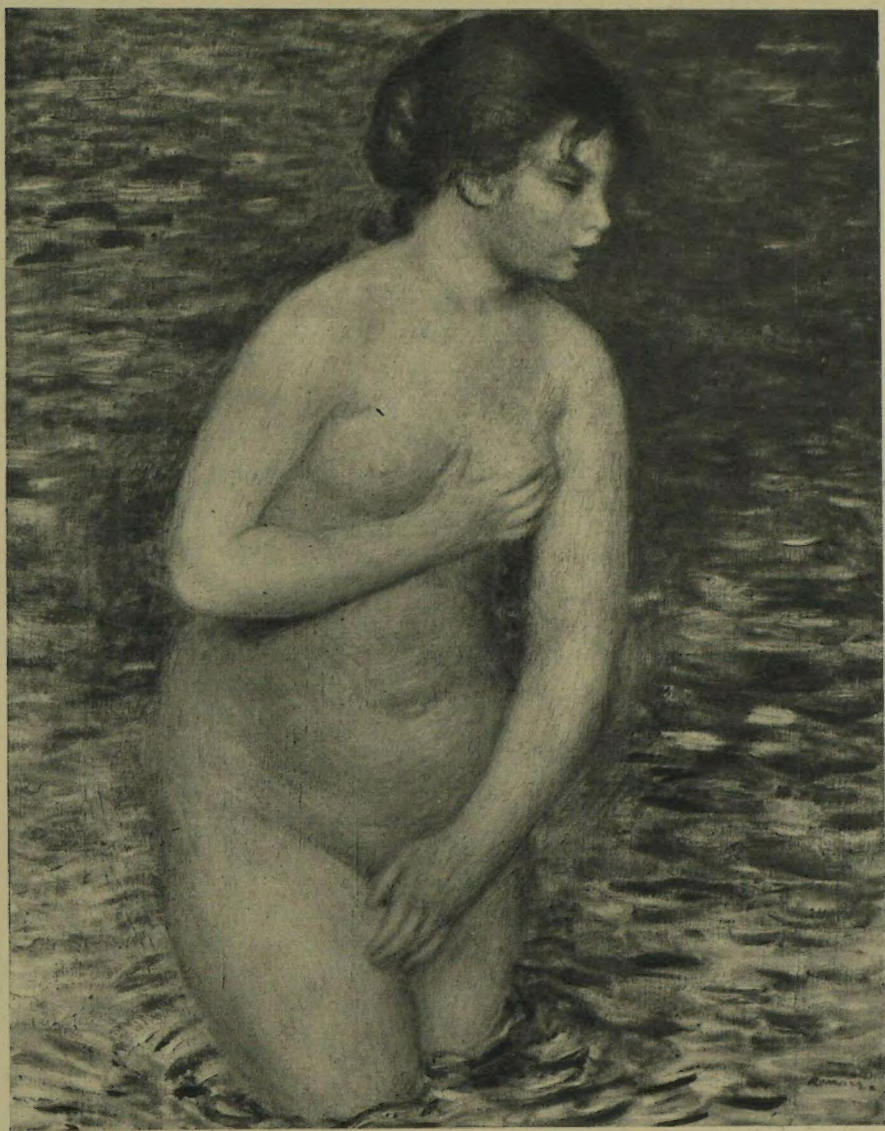


**ON THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY: THE PRESIDENT OF THE ITALIAN REPUBLIC AND HIS WIFE.**

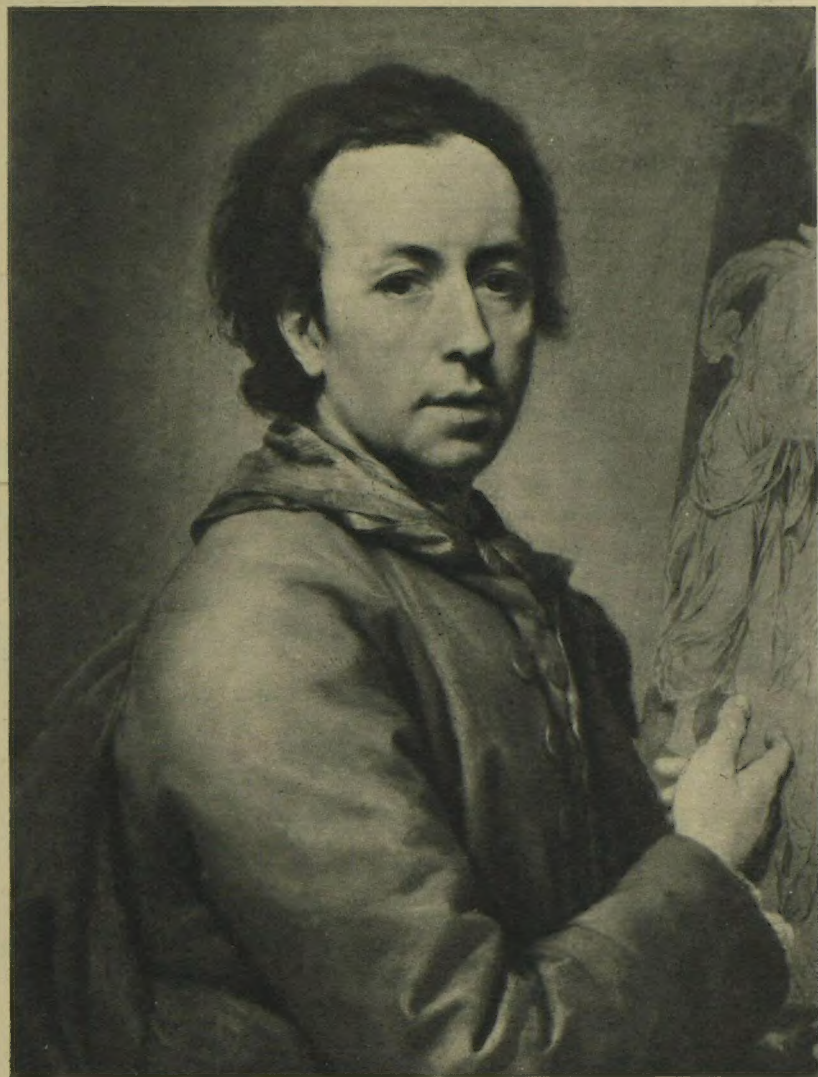
On December 19 the President of the Italian Republic, seventy-nine-year-old Professor Einaudi, and his wife, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. Our photograph shows them in a hall of the Quirinal Palace, the Presidential residence, after attending a ceremony in the chapel. Professor Einaudi was sworn in as President on May 12, 1948.



## MUSEUM ACQUISITIONS AND A SALE: WORKS OF ART IN THE NEWS.



"NU DANS L'EAU"; BY AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919). A PAINTING SOLD BY THE TATE GALLERY FOR SOME £6000, AND NOW IN A PRIVATE COLLECTION.

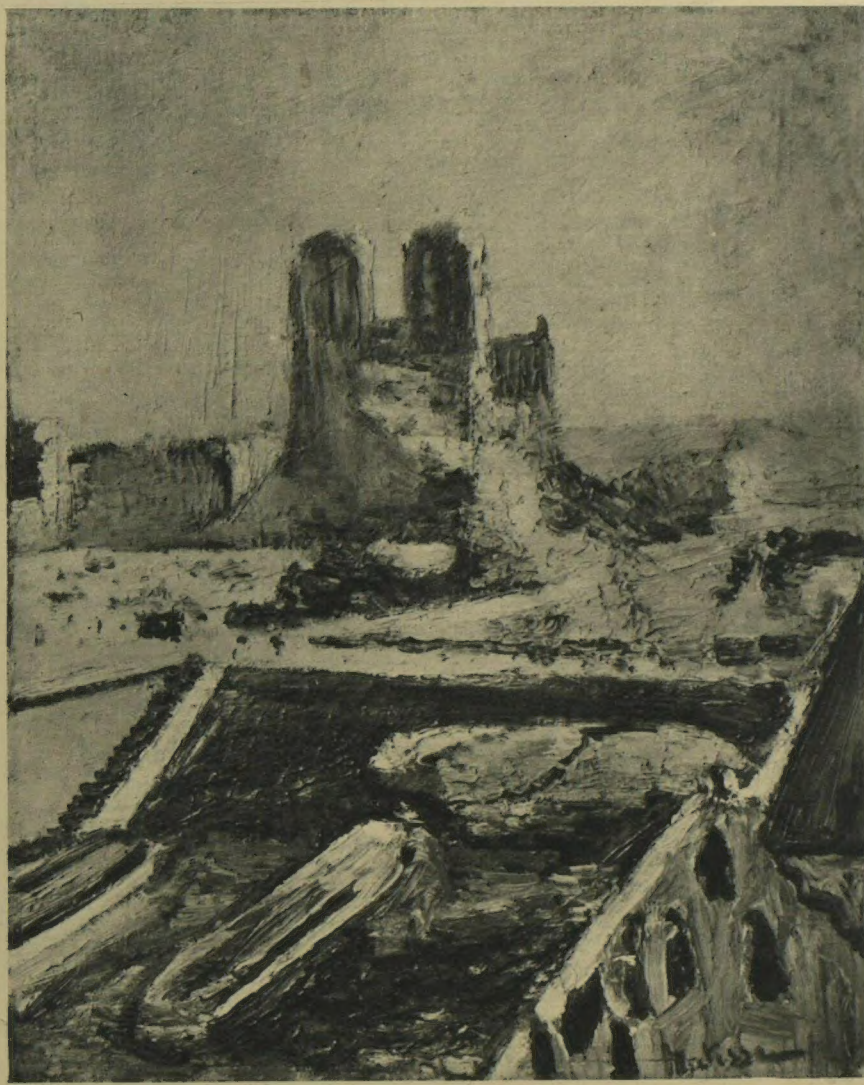


"SELF-PORTRAIT"; BY RAPHAEL MENGES (1728-1779). DONE IN 1774 FOR LORD COWPER, THEN BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN FLORENCE, PURCHASED BY THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.



"FEMME NUE ASSISE"; BY PABLO PICASSO (b. 1881), PURCHASED BY THE TATE GALLERY IN 1949 OUT OF PART OF THE PROCEEDS FROM THE SALE OF THE RENOIR.

The Tate Gallery in 1944 sold for some £6000, with Mr. Courtauld's express consent, the painting by Renoir "*Nu Dans l'Eau*," which had been purchased from the Courtauld Fund. The Chairman of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery pointed out in a letter to *The Times* on December 22, that Mr. Courtauld had suggested that if a suitable opportunity arose the painting could be sold and the proceeds used to strengthen the collection of French pictures in the Gallery. Out of the



"NOTRE DAME"; BY HENRI MATISSE (b. 1869), PURCHASED BY THE TATE GALLERY IN 1949 OUT OF PART OF THE PROCEEDS FROM THE SALE OF "*NU DANS L'EAU*."

proceeds (which remained in the Courtauld Fund) two pictures, "*Notre Dame*," by Matisse, and "*Femme Nue Assise*," by Picasso, were purchased. An unexpended balance remains. The Walker Art Gallery has purchased a self-portrait by Raphael Mengs (1728-1779). Mengs, a German by birth, studied in Rome. Lord Cowper, for whom this self-portrait was done in 1774, was a great English eccentric, who at that time was Ambassador in Florence.

By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery, Millbank; the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool; and a private collector.





1. WATCHING HER GRANDDAUGHTER PRESENT A BASKET OF FLOWERS TO QUEEN ELIZABETH II. AFTER HER ARRIVAL ON DECEMBER 19: QUEEN SALOTE OF TONGA (CENTRE).
3. SHOWING HOW THE ROAST PIGS, CHICKENS, LOBSTERS, FRUIT AND OTHER DELICACIES WERE ARRANGED: A VIEW OF THE 150-YARD-LONG SPREAD AT THE ROYAL FEAST.
5. ADMIRING THE CELEBRATED TORTOISE, SAID TO HAVE BEEN A GIFT FROM CAPTAIN COOK: THE QUEEN, QUEEN SALOTE OF TONGA AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

2. GREETED BY HUNDREDS OF ISLANDERS, TO WHOM THE ROYAL VISIT WAS A "DREAM COME TRUE": THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE DRIVING TO THE PALACE AT NUKUALOFA.
4. ARRIVING FOR THE FEAST IN HER HONOUR, AT WHICH ROYAL AND OTHER GUESTS SAT ON THE GROUND AND ATE WITH THEIR FINGERS: THE QUEEN AND QUEEN SALOTE.
6. FAREWELL: QUEEN ELIZABETH II. SHAKING HANDS WITH QUEEN SALOTE BEFORE EMBARKING IN THE *GOthic* ON DECEMBER 20. THE DUKE (LEFT) IS WEARING A WREATH.

#### A FRIENDLY ISLANDS "DREAM COME TRUE": QUEEN ELIZABETH II.'S VISIT TO QUEEN SALOTE OF TONGA.

The visit, from December 19-20, paid by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to Queen Salote of Tonga was described as "a dream come true," and undoubtedly to the 50,000 inhabitants of the Friendly Islands it was the most important event in their history. The events arranged in honour of the Royal visitors included hula dances, and a fairy-tale feast at which guests—including the Queen and the Duke—sat on the ground and ate with their fingers. Two thousand pigs; chickens,

lobsters and fruits were among the delicacies arranged in rows 150 yards long. On Sunday the Royal party attended divine service in the Wesleyan church. Before leaving the Queen invested Queen Salote with the insignia of a Dame Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order, and said: "We take away with us the happiest memories of Tonga and the great and friendly welcome given us..." Queen Salote replied that the visit "had enriched the lives of us all."





THE ROYAL ARRIVAL IN FIJI : HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT KING'S WHARF, SUVA, ON DECEMBER 17, WITH, IN THE FOREGROUND, THE GUARD OF HONOUR.

Queen Elizabeth II. and the Duke of Edinburgh stepped on to Fijian soil punctually at 10.30 a.m. on December 17, after having received the traditional invitation to land and solemn expressions of welcome from five Fijian chiefs of Bau and Rewa on board the liner *Gothic*. The sun shone brilliantly as her Majesty (wearing a lemon-yellow dress and a small white hat) and the Duke of Edinburgh stepped on to King's Wharf, where on the landing-stage had been placed a plaited mat woven with a Fijian inscription declaring the great happiness of the Fijians in

receiving her and the Duke. The Royal pair were accompanied by H.E. the Governor, Sir Ronald Garvey, and Lady Garvey, who had gone on board the *Gothic* to welcome them. Her Majesty accepted a bouquet from the little daughter of the Second-in-Command of the 1st Bn. The Fiji Infantry Regiment in Malaya, and, after inspecting the guard of honour, proceeded to a small, thatched open hut, where presentations were made, and then drove with the Duke to Albert Park, where the chief ceremonies of the day took place.





MOUNTING THE STEPS LEADING TO THE PAVILION AT ALBERT PARK, WHERE THE PRINCIPAL CEREMONIES OF WELCOME TOOK PLACE: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II., FOLLOWED BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND H.E. THE GOVERNOR, SIR RONALD GARVEY.



RECEIVING FROM A CHIEF AN OFFERING OF A WHALE TOOTH, SUSPENDED FROM CORDS OF COCONUT FIBRE: HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II. DURING THE ELABORATE TRADITIONAL WELCOME CEREMONIAL AT ALBERT PARK, SUVA.

#### THE QUEEN IN FIJI: ASPECTS OF THE UNIQUE AND COLOURFUL CEREMONIAL OF WELCOME IN ALBERT PARK, SUVA.

The ancient ceremonial with which Queen Elizabeth II. and the Duke of Edinburgh were welcomed at Albert Park, Suva, on their arrival in the Fiji Islands on December 17 were elaborate and deeply impressive. When her Majesty stepped from her car on reaching Albert Park, a great sigh and deep-toned "Wah!" greeted her, this being the traditional Fiji acclamation—followed by an unbroken silence to indicate deep respect. A large company of chiefs had

assembled. Thirty squatted in front of the pavilion before taking part in the kava ceremony (which is illustrated on another page) and there was also a large, white-clad group. The presentation of whale teeth by the chiefs followed the Royal arrival, then came the kava ceremony, and after that her Majesty delivered a gracious speech; and then watched dances. In our last week's issue we published an article explaining the special significance of *Tambua*, or whale tooth.





WEARING GREEN AND YELLOW GRASS SKIRTS: FIJI DANCERS IN THE MEKE, OR SERIES OF DANCES, PERFORMED BEFORE THE QUEEN IN ALBERT PARK, SUVA.



THE KAVA CEREMONY: FIJIAN CHIEFS IN TRADITIONAL ATTIRE, PREPARING THE DRINK IN A HUGE, POLISHED WOODEN BOWL. KAVA IS MADE FROM A FIBROUS ROOT.

**WHIRLING DANCERS IN GRASS SKIRTS, AND THE KAVA CEREMONY: FIJIAN RITUAL IN HONOUR OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II.**

The final event in the ritual programme of welcome presented before her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh at Albert Park, Suva, on December 17, after their arrival in Fiji, consisted of a *meke*, or series of dances, given by hundreds of Fijians wearing yellow and green grass skirts, their faces elaborately painted. These dances included one in which warriors mimed the attitudes of combat, and another in which the performers carried clubs, which they clashed together. The kava

ceremony symbolises the fruits of the land. The beverage, which is made from a large fibrous root was ceremonially prepared to the sound of chanting—a process which lasted about five minutes. The cup-bearer then took a coconut-shell cup full to the Queen and poured it into a shell which she held. This shell, from which her Majesty drank, was the same from which her father, grandfather and uncles, the Dukes of Windsor and Gloucester, had drunk kava.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### HIMALAYAN BEARS AND OUR FORBEARS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE story of "Goldilocks and the Three Bears" may not be true to life, but it could be very near it. I recall another story, told me some years ago, of a shack in the Rockies. The owner returned to find that a bear had helped itself to food laid out on the table and was even then stretched out on the bunk asleep. The bear was shot because, as mentioned later, this animal, when startled, is extremely dangerous.

Bears are classified with the carnivora, although most of them are strongly vegetarian. The dog-like head is obvious; the teeth, although not typically carnivore, are sufficiently near to leave little doubt of the relationship; and the skeleton as a whole is largely intermediate between that of the cats (*Felidae*) and the dogs (*Canidae*). There are, of course, many other features that link them with the more typical carnivores, including items of behaviour. Yet they are in a class by themselves in many respects, and some features of their behaviour remind us of similar traits in human beings. When we examine possible causes for this there does emerge an interesting parallel.

This human appearance comes out, to my mind, more especially in the Himalayan bear. Although so named, this ranges from Northern Persia through the region of the Himalayas westwards into China. It lives on the heavily afforested slopes, from about 1000 to 11,000 ft., is nocturnal and, therefore, not commonly seen. There can be little question, then, whether any part of its conduct can have been learned from contact with man.

The first comparison to be made is the adoption of the erect position. In man this is habitual, and while with bears the normal method of progression is on all-fours, they do readily stand upright. If current theories are correct, the early human ancestors were tree-dwellers, as the great apes are to-day, and an arboreal habit seems to lead to one of two conditions, either an over-specialisation as in sloths, or to a generalised body as in monkeys and apes. The generalised condition, so coupled with an arboreal habit, seems to be associated not only with a more or less erect posture, but also with the adoption of a sitting position when resting, and the tendency for the arms to be stronger and longer than the hind-legs. The erect posture also leaves the arms free to be used for grasping.

The Himalayan bear, in the zoo at all events, has a human-like manner of inviting contributions of food by a wave of the paw. This seems to be a characteristic of all bears in all zoos, although some individuals may use it more than others. The gesture may therefore be assumed to be inborn and not acquired by contact with human spectators. There are a number of other gestures, movements and tricks which make bears at times appear almost sub-human. Many are intangible, but some are definite, such as the tendency to sit upright, already mentioned, to hold objects in the arms and to lie on the back. All these derive, one may suggest, from the erect posture resulting from an arboreal life which leaves the fore-limbs free for other things than locomotion.

In point of fact, there is a closer comparison to be made between the Himalayan bears and, at least, the great apes, which are the nearest to ourselves. These bears live mainly in trees, where they construct platforms of branches for resting. They are expert climbers, and Colonel Stockley has recorded one of them having reached a height of 75 ft. in a tree. Their food also is so very like that of the great apes—or, indeed, like our own—consisting, as it does, of fruits, roots, leaves, insects, eggs, small birds, small mammals, even carrion. The bear, with its greater strength, may take larger prey than the apes, and again we may quote Colonel Stockley for a

Himalayan bear that killed forty-two sheep in a night in Kashmir and another that was said to have destroyed 300 sheep and a score of cows. In spite of such dissimilarities, however, there is still a striking resemblance in habits between bears, on the one hand, and the primates on the other.

Whenever a comparison is made between the primates, whether man or the apes, and an animal of another order, it is inevitable that the question of mental capacity, or what is commonly called intelligence, should be discussed. The brain of a bear seems to be no more highly organised than that of cats and dogs generally, nor is its capacity greater in relation to the size of the body. There are, however, other considerations than those purely of anatomy or the study of



KNOWN BY THE WHITE V-SHAPED PATCH ON THE CHEST: THE HIMALAYAN BEAR (*Selenarctos thibetianus*), THE LARGEST OF THE BLACK BEARS, WHICH MAY GROW UP TO 6 FT. LONG AND UP TO 400 LB. IN WEIGHT.

Linked with the Himalayan bear's tree-dwelling habit is a strong inclination to stand erect on the ground. This leaves the arms free for a limited amount of grasping and gesture which gives the bear's actions a slightly human appearance. The attitude of appeal is usually accompanied by a waving action of the right paw when the animal is inviting visitors to the Zoo to throw food into its cage. [Photographs by Neave Parker.]

finer tissue structures. Young Himalayan bears are born in pairs, and they frequently stay with the mother for a year. There have even been instances recorded of youngsters staying with the parent until after the next set of cubs was born. The structure of the brain is at best a rough guide to potentialities, not necessarily to abilities, and parental care, with its opportunities for an extended period of education, exploits the potentialities and increases the abilities. No animal, or human being, uses its brain to anything like full capacity, except perhaps for brief moments in an emergency. The differences in "intelligence" of a

wild dog and one living wholly with human beings, even the differences between a young domesticated dog and an old one, depend to some degree on these mental reserves having been exploited, in the one by unconscious

learning from the human master, in the other by experience in addition. To a lesser degree, so it would seem, a similar thing can occur where the period of parental care is unusually extended, since it allows for more unconscious learning and a longer period for experience with security.

These things are, however, not easy to assess, even comparatively, and the main theme of this discussion is that generalised habits, linked with an arboreal life in our ancestors, probably had much to do with moulding our present habits and dispositions, and at a lower level of achievement bears seem to be following a parallel line of development.

Perhaps the main lesson here is that if more animals walked on two legs we might be less inclined to see so big a gulf between them and ourselves. Because they go on all fours we are prejudiced in our own favour. There is another lesson, however, and if it does no more this attempted comparison between the Himalayan bear and ourselves helps to draw attention to it. We are too prone to contrast man's greatest achievement, his power of conceptual thought and all that springs from it, against the average behaviour of an animal, forgetting that we have lower levels of thought and action where more common ground is reached, as, for example, when at play they reflect so much of our own conduct in moments of relaxation. Bears are by nature solitary, at most they live in pairs, and the social unit, if such it can be called, is the family, yet if circumstances compel, they can live together, without too much discord, in bigger units. They are therefore fundamentally friendly, yet easily excitable and touchy. Basically that is the human character, and human societies are only possible by recognising this and inhibiting its worst features.

An experienced author wrote, "... when suddenly startled they lose their heads entirely and may charge in a panic or from sheer cussedness." Was he writing of bears or men?



RECLINING IN THE SUNSHINE, BUT WITH AN EYE ON THE SPECTATORS IN EXPECTATION OF FOOD: A HIMALAYAN BEAR IN THE LONDON ZOO.



HUGGING A PIECE OF FOOD AS A CHILD MIGHT HUG HER DOLL: A HIMALAYAN BEAR RECLINING WITH ITS PRIZE AFTER AMUSING VISITORS TO THE ZOO WITH ITS ANTICS.

The prone position sometimes adopted by the Himalayan bear is probably a natural association with the bipedal erect posture, both of which make the bear a ready subject for children's stories in which animals are made to appear in the rôle of human beings. Variations in the Himalayan bear include differences in the colour of the muzzle, which may range from a light tan to nearly white.



## ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCE BY GUIDED MISSILE: AMERICA'S NIKE IN ACTION.



ROBOT ANTI-AIRCRAFT TACTICS IN ACTION: AN AMERICAN GUIDED MISSILE, THE *NIKE* (BOTTOM, LEFT), APPROACHING A TARGET AIRCRAFT. THE SMOKE FROM THE WING WAS TO GUIDE THE PHOTOGRAPHERS.



THE U.S. ARMY'S FIRST A.-A. GUIDED MISSILE BATTERY IS BEING INSTALLED IN MARYLAND. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A NEW MEXICO PROVING-GROUND, WITH ONE *NIKE* TAKING OFF.



THE *NIKE* HAS TRACKED THE TARGET AIRCRAFT AND, ON CONTACT WITH THE WING, EXPLODES AND SUCCESSFULLY DESTROYS THE AIRCRAFT.

In the spring of 1953 the U.S. Army tested the *Nike*, a rocket-type of guided missile for use as an anti-aircraft weapon; and recently photographs of these tests have been released—some of which we reproduce above. On December 17 the U.S. Department of Defence announced that the first anti-aircraft guided missile battery for use in the defence of the United States would soon be installed at Fort Meade, Maryland, between Baltimore and Washington. The guided missile to be used by this battery would be, it was stated, the *Nike*, which was first fired in 1946 and which has now been developed to a point where it is ready for production. The *Nike* system consists of two parts—an expendable missile, the rocket itself, which can track down and destroy an enemy aircraft; and a



AN AMERICAN *NIKE*, AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUIDED MISSILE, MOUNTED ON THE LAUNCHER AT WHITE SANDS PROVING-GROUND, NEW MEXICO. IT HAS A COMPLEX FIRING MECHANISM.

complex launching mechanism containing, it is stated, no fewer than 1,500,000 individual parts. A few days later, on December 21, the U.S. Air Force announced that early in 1954 it would shortly send overseas (probably to Europe) its first squadrons of pilotless bombers, equipped with *Matadors*, stubby-winged missiles capable of carrying an atomic bomb. The *Matador* is guided by a complicated electronic device, has a range of over 300 miles and a speed approaching that of sound. Admiral Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, has recently spoken of the U.S. "new look" in armament policy, which he described as "the development of an armed posture which can be supported year in, year out on a long-term basis."





RAINBOW TROUT FROM LAKE TAUPO HEADED INTO A PEN AT A FISH HATCHERY, HAVING "RUN" THE TONGARIRO RIVER INTO A BACKWATER.



PACKING A TRAY WITH WET MOSS IN WHICH THE FERTILISED OVA ARE TRANSPORTED WITHIN THE DOMINION AND EVEN EXPORTED TO AUSTRALIA.



READY FOR LIBERATION IN THE RIVERS AND LAKES OF NEW ZEALAND: RAINBOW TROUT FRY, WHEN TWENTY-ONE DAYS OLD, AT A STATE FISH HATCHERY.

DURING their tour of New Zealand, H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will take a short rest, from January 3 to 6, at their holiday home, Moose Lodge, at Lake Rotolui, near Rotorua, in North Island. Here the Royal couple will have opportunities for trout-fishing. It is not generally realised that these fish are not indigenous, but were introduced into the country in the second half of the nineteenth century. Brown trout were imported from Tasmania and rainbow trout from North America, and these have been maintained and increased by a policy of breeding and liberation, in which the State and fishermen's organisations have successfully co-operated to keep the streams stocked. The State maintains a number of hatcheries at which trout are bred and the fishermen's organisations and the acclimatisation societies also breed trout, or buy them at the fry or ova stage, for liberation in the streams. This policy and the fact that there are no private

*(Continued opposite.)*

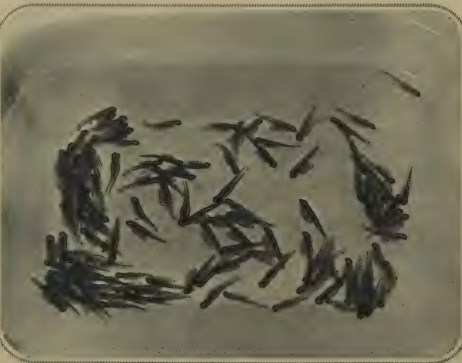
## THE WORLD'S FINEST TROUT-FISHING, AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: HOW



THE SELECTION OF RIFE COCK AND HEN FISH FOR THE HATCHERY: NETTING TROUT PREPARATORY TO "STRIPPING" THEM OF THEIR MILT AND OVA.



SIPHONING OFF DEAD OVA WHICH, IF LEFT IN THE HATCHING BASKETS, WOULD PROVIDE A BREEDING-GROUND FOR FUNGUS, THUS ENDANGERING THE FERTILE OVA.



A DISHFUL OF "ALEVINS," OR TROUT FRY THREE-QUARTERS OF AN INCH LONG, WITH THE YOLK-SAC STILL APPARENT: THESE GROW INTO FISH OF ABOUT 6 LB. IN WEIGHT.

## WHICH MAY BE ENJOYED BY THE QUEEN NEW ZEALAND'S WATERS ARE RESTOCKED.



TAKING THE TEMPERATURE OF A STREAM BEFORE LIBERATING TROUT FRY: THE WATER IN THE CONTAINER MUST BE OF THE SAME TEMPERATURE TO AVOID A HEAVY MORTALITY.



THE FRUITS OF A POLICY OF CAREFUL RE-STOCKING: LANDING A GOOD-SIZED RAINBOW TROUT ON LAKE TAUPO, WHERE THERE IS FIRST-CLASS FISHING.



FISHING IN PERFECT SURROUNDINGS FOR GIANT TROUT: AN ANGLER CASTING IN THE RAPIDS IN WILKIN VALLEY, SOUTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND.



FISHING ON LAKE TAUPO: THE END OF A 6-LB. RAINBOW'S FIGHT AS THE FISH IS BROUGHT, EXHAUSTED, TO THE LANDING-NET.



CLAIMED BY NEW ZEALAND FISHERMEN TO BE THE BEST WAY TO COOK TROUT: GRILLING THE DAY'S CATCH OVER MANUKA (A TALL SHRUB) EMBERS IN CAMP.



THE JUSTIFICATION OF THE STATE POLICY OF BREEDING AND RE-STOCKING: A LIMIT BAG OF TEN FISH, AVERAGING 6 LB., CAUGHT AT LAKE TAUPO.

*(Continued)*  
Fishing waters (it is illegal to buy or sell fishing rights in New Zealand) mean that fishing is a sport that is available to all sections of the community. Apart from a few special areas, a fishing licence to cover the whole section of seven months costs less than a day's wages. Fresh-water fishing in New Zealand falls broadly into two classes—lake-fishing at Taupo and Rotorua and the South Island lakes; and river and stream-fishing throughout the North and South Islands. In the lakes fishing is mainly for rainbow trout with lures and spoon-bait, and in the rivers and streams for brown trout with wet and dry fly. The photographs reproduced on these pages were taken at the State hatchery in the Tongariro River area, where 7,000,000 ova are handled yearly. The fish are not injured in any way by being stripped of their ova, and tagging has proved that they return to the streams from which they have been taken, year after year.



THE late Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond was a remarkable figure. He rose almost to the top of his first profession, though he obtained less opportunities in the First World War than he probably deserved. It has been said that some powerful opinion considered him "too academic," though, so far as I am aware, there is no reason to believe that he was unfitted to be a man of action. On the academic side he made another profession: at the Royal Naval College, and as Vere Harmsworth Professor of Imperial and Naval History and Master of Downing College, Cambridge. He also wrote a number of valuable works on naval warfare. On these he did a good deal of research, but he was, on the whole, an interpreter rather than a researcher. He took his place in a line of able naval writers who have given the Senior Service an advantage over the Army. He defined the subject of his posthumous work as "the use made by statesmen of the Navy as an instrument of war policy, from Elizabeth to the end of the Northern War in 1727." This represents his general aim in most of his work.

He left the typescript of the book among his papers, with a note that he had intended to carry on the study to the end of the First World War. His editor states that he had collected a great deal of material for a second volume and that his heirs and executors would be glad to put this at the disposal of any historian or research student likely to make suitable use of it. The present volume deserves a place in all good libraries which have a section devoted to war and policy, even if it does not represent the best of the author's work. To my mind, its fault, if it has one, is that the treatment is not quite in accordance with Sir Herbert's intention as set out above. For that purpose it appears too largely straightforward narrative. Such a treatment is in itself obviously open to no objection, but in this case, "the use made by statesmen of the Navy as an instrument of war policy" tends to be driven into a corner by the detail. I should in the circumstances have preferred less detail, which would have afforded more space for survey and criticism of policy.

Mr. Hughes states that he has confined himself to verifying facts and dates and correcting slips of the pen which the author himself would have noticed had the work reached proof stage in his lifetime. One or two editorial comments appear in footnotes. I do not hold with the practice of some critics of showing erudition by making a long list of slight errors, unless, indeed, they are contributing to a professional historical review, and I cannot claim erudition over all the ground covered. Here, however, I find some points which seem worth mention. It is not correct to say that the Earl of Essex in the Islands Voyage of 1597 sailed for home three hours before the Spanish treasure fleet reached the fortified roadstead of Angra, in the island of Terceira. He remained in the Azores for another fortnight, but did not venture to face the batteries. In 1601 Spanish ships were not destroyed by Leveson at Kinsale, because there were none there when he arrived; the reinforcing Spanish squadron had gone into Castlehaven. Steenkirk, in 1692, was not a French defeat but a victory over William III. The "Captain Samuel Ketch" who proposed the conquest of French Canada in 1708 was Samuel Vetch, a well-known figure then, if now recalled only by specialists.

There is little difficulty in criticising English naval policy in the reign of Elizabeth I. It undoubtedly helped to wear out Spain and bring her temporarily to bankruptcy, but it also dissipated strength in the quest for loot, as opposed to decisive results, which were never attained. After Drake's death Essex was the man who saw this most clearly. Sir Herbert Richmond goes further than most of his predecessors in condemning the support of the Dutch by land forces, because it lessened the naval effort. Had that been greater and directed wholeheartedly against Spanish naval power and trade, the results would have

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### NAVAL WAR AND POLICY.\*

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

been, he considers, more effective, not only from the point of view of England but also from that of the States General. Theoretically we can agree. Yet the cry for military aid was hard to resist. If the English started badly, they eventually hit the Spaniards hard blows in the Netherlands, and actually strained Spanish naval strength in the process. They tided the Dutch over an awkward period, so that before the end of the reign they stood on their own feet.

It is curious how slowly principles which have long become commonplaces developed in the minds of intelligent men. When Charles I. came to the throne he decided on naval action and the use of his military forces in conjunction with the fleet in the Mediterranean against Spain, rather than the despatch of an army to face Tilly on the Elbe. If Genoa could be taken, the supplies from Spain which passed through the port and then across the Valtelline would be blocked. Then it was pointed out that for such operations the combined forces would need "a safe port to entertain

seriously weakened, but in the last dozen years of the seventeenth century England found herself confronted by a French fleet far superior to that which had let her down when she was allied with France against the Dutch. Admiral Richmond makes clear one difference between the naval problems of both the Spanish and Dutch wars and that of the War of the League of Augsburg. Her commerce was very valuable to France. Yet its value—and therefore in some degree the French Navy itself—was not as great as in the case of Spain and Holland. To both these countries trade was essential, though the nature of their trade differed, the Dutch being world carriers, which the Spaniards were not. Then and later, damage to French trade, and even its virtual elimination by sea, could not bring about surrender, "as it could undoubtedly have brought about the collapse of both the other nations, if there had been the power and the will to conduct the necessary operations with thoroughness and consistency."

In one respect naval policy was completely reversed. Holland was again our ally. "The Dunkirkers" were a dangerous foe, as in the days of Elizabeth, but they were French privateers, not Flemish fighting in the Spanish interest. And the Spanish treasure fleet, the fabulous *Flota* which Elizabethan seamen had hunted with so little effect, was in 1696 escorted home by the Royal Navy. When he comes to the War of the

Spanish Succession, Admiral Richmond finds himself back in one particular to the problem of the reign of Elizabeth, though France was now the strong enemy and Spain, under a young French King, a weak ally. Where Spanish support to France was concerned, it might be weakened, as before, at three focal points: the ports of departure of the trade and the treasure galleons, the rendezvous of the Azores in the ocean, and the home ports. Yet it is stretching the term to use the word "focal" of the first, and he rejects it by implication. Havana was the main port; but if it had been taken and held, the climate would have ruined the land forces, and alternative starting-places would have been used. The Azores were not quite so valuable as in the reigns of Philip II. and III. because ships could be victualled and watered for longer periods.

Continuous blockade would have required all available resources and made naval action in the Mediterranean impossible. So a compromise was necessary. He goes on to say with his usual fairness that squadrons sent to the

West Indies were not wasted, because they were needed for the defence of British trade and of British islands. Jamaica, for instance, was threatened by the Spaniards. He comes to the conclusion that, though some of the criticism of naval policy was just, the broad fact remains that in this war the Government recognised the fundamental needs: to get command in the Mediterranean for the military efforts of the Allies, to protect the Kingdom, and to defend its trade in the vital areas of the Channel and the North Sea. He does not believe that it would have been good policy to concentrate on naval effort and leave allies to fend for themselves on the Continent. Few broadminded students will deny that he is right.

I have already written of my regret that the book does not contain more discussion of principle, which Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond was well equipped to undertake. The first words of the first chapter deal with Elizabethan policy against Spain; the last words of the last chapter are a brief commentary on the war of 1727, also with regard to Spain. At intervals a few paragraphs are given to criticism and suggestions about what might have been done to use the Navy better as an instrument of policy. I should have enjoyed a careful summary of a certain length, measuring the effort by the principles laid down by this writer and others such as Sir Julian Corbett, correcting their principles where necessary, deciding when the greatest value was obtained from the Navy and when the strategy might have been bettered. There remains a good deal to be thankful for, and Sir Herbert Richmond makes it clear that, even when strategy was not ideal, the Navy's effort was in general fruitful, sometimes immensely so.



"LANDSCAPE WITH BIRDS"; BY ROELANDT SAVERY: A KEY TO THE REPRODUCTION ON PAGES II AND III OF THE COLOURED SUPPLEMENT IN THIS NUMBER, SHOWING THE DIFFERENT VARIETIES REPRESENTED.

The different species of birds depicted in the "Landscape With Birds," by Roelandt Savery, in the Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna, reproduced in colour on pages II and III of the Supplement, are: (1) Bullfinch, cockbird?; (2) Velvet Scoter, cockbird; (3) Scoter, henbird, Species indeterminate, and possibly a crow, as the feet are not webbed; (4) Turkey, cockbird; (5) Great Bustard, or possibly some other large bustard; (6) Blue and Yellow Macaw; (7) Red and Yellow Macaw; (8) Peacock; (9) Common Heron; (10) Domestic (?) Goose; (11) Not identified; (12) Crowned Crane; (13) Spoonbill?; (14) Buff-backed Heron?; (15) Pelican, Species unidentified; (16) Red-Crested Pochard?; (17) Duck, Species unidentified; (18) Mallard, cockbird (not well represented); (19) Duck, Species unidentified; (20) Unidentified; (21) Tropical Bird, Species unidentified; (22) Mute Swan; (23) Dodo; (24) Goliath Heron?; (25) Cassowary, Species unidentified; (26) Blue and Yellow Macaw; (27) Red and Yellow Macaw; (28) Ostrich; (29) Domestic Cock; (30) Vulture, Species unidentified; (31) Birds of Paradise, greater or lesser. Below these are shown in flight: (32) Raptor, Species unidentified; (33) Crane, Species unidentified; (34) Spoonbill; (35) Goose?; (36) Pigeon?; (37) Duck?; (38) Heron, Species unidentified.

the ships. . . . For where soldiers are transported far by sea, ships cannot contain victuals for any time to maintain them; and to hope for relief in the country invaded were too desperate a thought to rely on." In other words, the writer had grasped the significance of a base reasonably close to the scene of action, but the Government had to be instructed in the conception and had laid its plans in the first instance without regard to it.

As the historian shows, Elizabethan aid to the Dutch against Spain had contributed to the building up of a great maritime rival to Britain. He does not make the mistake of attributing the Dutch wars wholly to economic causes such as fishery disputes or to English insistence on the right of search at sea. There was also a human element. England—and later Britain—has often got on badly with allies, but seldom disliked any as much as the Dutch in Elizabeth's day, and the memory lived on. Then the Cromwellian period, which was that of the First Dutch War, was one of an aggressive spirit in England which had not found expression under the first two Stuart Kings. What the historian does not bring out quite so clearly is that the ferocious nature of these three wars and the huge losses in ships which occurred in them were partly due to geography. The Dutch frontage was short and they had no port in or south of the Channel. The English choice of ports was normally from the Thames to Yarmouth. Chances of evasion or retreat in adversity were limited. Seldom has naval war seen harder slogging-matches, or such gluttons for fighting.

By the time peace had been made after the Third Dutch War, the naval power of Holland had been

\* "The Navy as an Instrument of Policy, 1558-1727." By the late Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond. Edited by E. A. Hughes. (Cambridge University Press; 60s.)





OUR PAINTING SHOWS: (1) ROBIN; (2) STARLINGS; (3) REDWING; (4) CHAFFINCH; (5) NUTHATCH; (6) SPARROW; (7) GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER; (8) BLACKBIRD; (9) THRUSH; (10) GOLDFINCH; (11) GREAT TIT; (12) BLUE TIT; (13) WAXWING; (14) BULLFINCH; (15) WREN; (16) HAWFINCH; (17) LONG-TAILED TIT.

### INVITED GUESTS AT THE BIRD-TABLE.

A bird-table is never without some visitors, but it is in winter, in hard weather, when food is scarce, that the more unusual visitors will be seen. In some instances they merely inspect the tray, drawn more by curiosity, perhaps. The table also sheds light on character. Blue tits, Great tits and even Coal tits, will come at all times, but Long-tailed tits, even when in the vicinity, rarely visit the table. So, also, sparrows and chaffinches are regular visitors, while goldfinches and bullfinches will feed under and around it without setting foot on it. Robins, frequent visitors, are readily driven away, despite

their reputation for pugnacity, not only by thrushes, blackbirds and starlings, but by the small Blue tits. Although wrens will roost in the roof-space and, generally speaking, use human habitations for shelter, they disdain the food put out, perhaps from an aversion to feeding in the open. Waxwings and redwings, winter visitors to Britain, will forage near yet never feed from the tray. While natural food may not necessarily attract a particular bird, the reverse is sometimes true, and cheese is a fairly certain bait for the nuthatch, or even the Great Spotted woodpecker.

*Specially painted for "The Illustrated London News" by Neave Parker.*





A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FEATHERED "PARLIAMENT", INTRODUCING A DODO, POSSIBLY PAINTED FROM LIFE: "LANDSCAPE WITH BIRDS", BY ROELANDT SAVERY (1576-1639).

"Landscape with Birds," by Roelandt Savery (1576-1639), introduces an enormous variety of birds, both wild and domestic, all carefully and, for the most part, accurately represented. It is possible to identify the majority, and on another page we give a key indicating as many of the different species as it is possible to name. Roelandt Savery, an artist of the Flemish School, was born at Courtrai and died at Utrecht. He worked in Amsterdam, and from 1604-17 he was in the service of the

Emperor Rudolph II. and the Emperor Matthias, in Prague, Vienna and the Tyrol; and from 1619 in Utrecht. A native of the Low Countries, he greatly admired the mountainous scenery of the Tyrol when he visited it on the direction of the Emperor Rudolph II. and his impressions were of great use to him in his later work. Savery was a gifted animal painter, and the great Viennese collections include the delightful "Landscape with Birds," which we reproduce, and a "Landscape with Animals,"

which were both included in the Exhibition of Art Treasures from Vienna held, through the generosity of the Austrian Government, at the Tate Gallery in 1949. One of the points of interest of the "Landscape with Birds" is provided by the representation of the Dodo (*Didas ineptus*), for it may have been painted from an actual living specimen of that bird, whose name has become a classic by-word for anything long dead and gone. It is known that dodos were brought back to Europe in the

seventeenth century, and there is evidence that they existed as late as 1681 ("Landscape with Birds" was painted in 1628); while the British Museum (Natural History) possess a painting attributed to Roelandt Savery representing a dodo and believed to have been painted from life, which we reproduced in colour in our issue of October 23, 1948, together with an account of the dodo's history. The painting was presented to the Museum by George Edwards, F.R.S. (1694-1773).





*Meadow Lark.* STURNELLA MAGNA. Male, 1. Female, 2. Ground, 3. Nest.

Reproduced from "Fine Bird Books, 1700-1900," by Collins and Van Nostrand.

### THE AMERICAN MEADOW LARK (STURNELLA MAGNA) AS DEPICTED BY J. J. AUDUBON (1785-1851).

Not only ornithologists, but book-lovers the world over, will agree with the compilers of "Fine Bird Books, 1700-1900" (published by Collins and Van Nostrand; Standard Edition, 12 gns.), when they say, "A 'Fine Book' is, in our opinion, one which is finely produced. Well-printed . . . preferably finely-bound, it should be enjoyable to look at and to handle. The pictures must not only be well drawn but reproduced as near perfectly as possible." This book certainly fulfils these conditions, and above we reproduce one of the beautiful

colour plates contained in it (the Meadow Lark is not related to the true Lark, being of the family Icteridae). With a bibliography—and it is true to say that no such bibliography specially devoted to all Fine Bird Books with colour plates has ever previously been compiled—by Handasyde Buchanan and James Fisher, and a text by Sacheverell Sitwell, the book has in all thirty-eight plates reproduced from such works as J. J. Audubon's "Birds of America," London, 1827-1838, and Bowdler Sharpe's "The Paradiseidae," London, 1891-1898.

Reproduced from "Fine Bird Books, 1700-1900," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Collins and Van Nostrand.



# THE NEWLY-FOUND PALACE OF PRINCE XERXES AT PERSEPOLIS, AND SCULPTURES WHICH THE ARCHITECTS REJECTED.

By **ANDRÉ GODARD**, Director-General of the *Archæological Services of Iran*.

Photographs by *Mme. Jean Ullens de Schooten*.

DURING the spring months of 1953, the spell of unwonted weather gave to the Plain of Persepolis an unusual aspect. Great clouds rolled constantly over the horizon and hung low on the hills. Storms broke day after day, and the rain poured on to the parched earth. Thunder boomed and reverberated on the barren rocks. The desert lost its desolate aspect: covered with tufts of grass, it changed into one immense green field, through which the flocks of the nomad tribes roamed constantly. The shepherds drove them on relentlessly, for the rains, interfering with their normal routine, had forced them to seek shelter, day after day. From usually dried springs, water this year ran freely, and the smallest ditch or brook took on the appearance of a flowing stream. In Shiraz, not far away, even the most excited and ardent spirits were damped by the terrific downpour which put a temporary stop to rioting on the evening of April 16.

In Persepolis, on the terrace of the Apadana, flowers peeped up from between the stones; large pools formed, and the stately columns were reflected in these unexpected mirrors. In spite of rain and mud, excavation work continued. Owing to the political situation and the financial problems it involves, work had been considerably slowed down for the past two years; but the specialised foremen and the most important workmen had been maintained on the job.

Below the terrace, and at a distance of about half a mile, close to a big building which is nearly

is described in the same way in similar texts. It was, therefore, the palatial dwelling of Xerxes in Persepolis. Also, Xerxes names himself as being King, and not King of Kings, an expression he would certainly have used had he already succeeded to his father, Darius, when the Tatchara was built, though he dwelt there after his accession to the throne. Therefore, Xerxes was still only Prince Xerxes, and we know that Darius had entrusted to him the supervising of the building of the monuments on the terrace. Therefore the date of building of the palace

staircase generally known under the name "The Portals of Xerxes," in the part of the terrace which served as quarry and workshop for the sculptors, till Persepolis was destroyed by Alexander the Great.

Clearing the outer face of the north wall, which connects the Portals of Xerxes with the Hall of the Army, the diggers of the Archæological Services of Iran discovered, close to the wall, a stone statue representing a dog; and the capital of a column, similar in size to the biggest type of Persepolis, but of quite unknown design.

The statue of the dog (Fig. 10), roughly-hewn, is that of an animal sitting on its haunches, similar, though of smaller proportions, to the one found on the Takht about twenty years ago and belonging now to the Teheran Museum.

The other discovery is more important. Digging first revealed the head of an eagle, then, a yard-and-a-half away, another one identical with the first, then, finally, the stone bloc serving as body to the two heads, and a paw. For the first time in the history of Achæmenid architecture, a griffin of this kind was the decorative motive of the capital of a column (Figs. 5-8).

By our own standards it was not a success! Those who were building the Takht judged it probably in the same way, for the model of this new type of capital was abandoned against the wall and one does not know of the existence of a second copy.

In comparison with the splendid bulls' heads that became one of the chief adornments of the Achæmenid palaces, this griffin seems indeed a poor caricature!

Seen in profile and from a level viewpoint as its designers had imagined it, the impression it gives is certainly not very bad; at least one can find some qualities of fineness and purity which are characteristic of Achæmenid art. But it was intended to have been seen from below at a height of about 20 metres (65½ ft.) above ground. In the shadow of the roof, fineness and perfection of sculpture count less than the beauty of the mass. Seen from below, one would have only perceived the bulky geometrical bodies, ending on either side by a pointed form, the enormous beak of the bird; this would not have been monumental, but would have seemed incomprehensible and meaningless. It is quite



FIG. 1. THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED HALL OF THE PALACE OF PRINCE XERXES AT PERSEPOLIS, SHOWING THE COLUMN BASES (SEE ALSO FIG. 4). IN HIS ARTICLE M. GODARD REFERS TO THE UNUSUAL WEATHER OF SPRING 1953 AT PERSEPOLIS AND THE GREAT CLOUDS WHICH ROLLED OVER THE PLAINS AND HUNG LOW ON THE HILLS.



FIG. 2. ONE OF THE TWO COLUMN BASES (A AND B IN FIG. 4) WHICH CARRIED THE TRILINGUAL INSCRIPTION OF XERXES.

dwelling of Xerxes at Persepolis lies somewhere between the advent of Darius to the Persian throne (i.e., 521 B.C.) and that of Xerxes' accession in 486 B.C. In all probability, Darius having only married Xerxes' mother after becoming the sovereign of the Persian Empire, the date of 521 can be brought forward.

New finds were recently made, to the north of the Apadana, not far from the edifice at the top of the great



FIG. 3. A CLOSE-UP OF PART OF THE TRILINGUAL INSCRIPTION: IN CUNEIFORM LETTERS AND IN THE PERSIAN, BABYLONIAN AND ELAMITE LANGUAGES, IT READS: "XERXES, THE KING, HAS SAID: I BUILT THIS TATCHARA."

entirely buried and is probably the palace of Darius in which he actually lived, another Royal building, smaller in size (Fig. 1) was found and unearched in 1951.

Enclosed by walls that are clearly defined, it comprised, as did generally the monuments of that type and period, a forecourt and a hall surrounded by living quarters. The roof of the hall rested on columns four abreast and three rows deep. The bases of these columns, of the traditional Achæmenid type, are still in place, but nothing can be seen or found of the shafts (*Fûls*), though they were probably made of stone as were those of the Hall of the Army.

As is shown in Fig. 4, the order of these points of support was such that those of the centre, A and B, were surrounded by a line of columns. This combination of perfect symmetry was quite in the style and taste of the Achæmenid architecture. The bases of these central columns alone were decorated with a trilingual inscription (Ancient Persian, Babylonian, Elamite), written in cuneiform letters, of which the translation is: "Xerxes, the King, has said: I built this Tatchara" (Figs. 2 and 3). The one to the south, protected by a mound of earth that is visible in the photograph No. 10, has an inscription that is nearly complete; the other one is fragmentary.

This short sentence suggests at least two comments: the building in question is a Tatchara like the palace of Darius which is on the terrace and which

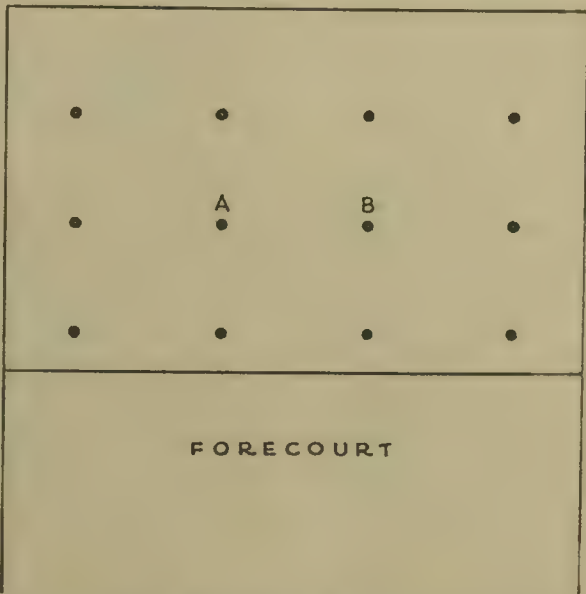


FIG. 4. A PLAN OF THE LAYOUT OF THE HALL AND FORECOURT OF THE PALACE OF PRINCE XERXES DISCOVERED IN SPRING 1953. THE TWELVE POINTS SHOW THE PILLAR BASES, THOSE MARKED A AND B BEING THE TWO BEARING THE INSCRIPTION (SEE FIG. 3).

certain that this specimen of a new decorative type was refused, and abandoned where it stood.

Another strange capital (Figs. 9 and 11) was also found in Persepolis a few years ago, buried in the courtyard of the Apadana; it had the same fate as the one we have just related: refused by the architects, though not in this case for æsthetic reasons. Not of a unique or yet unknown type, but one of the numerous examples of capitals with two heads of grimacing lions, snarling and crested, previously found in Pasargarde and, prior to that period, in Mannai Country, in Urartu and Anatolia. Of perfect craftsmanship, it was, however, refused because an earthy vein ran through it from side to side, undermining its soundness and solidity. There is no doubt about this fact, and one must wonder how such skilful and brilliant artists, seeing that the stone they were working on was on the verge of breaking up, went on with their task and, as shown in Figs. 9 and 11, brought it to the point of achievement. Notches cut into the stone prove that they realised the danger and tried to ward it off by holding the figure together with bronze braces; though this would never have been sufficient to solve the problem. Finally, the capital was refused. Thrown on to its side, it was buried in a corner of the Apadana.

These rejected capitals are now objects of great curiosity for those who visit [Continued overleaf.]



## A SCULPTURE WHICH FAILED: A UNIQUE BUT REJECTED PERSEPOLIS CAPITAL.



FIG. 5. THE DISCOVERY OF A UNIQUE TYPE OF COLUMN CAPITAL SCULPTURE: THE DOUBLE-HEADED GRIFFIN, SEEN IN THE EXCAVATION TRENCH AT PERSEPOLIS.



FIG. 6. ONE OF THE TWO GRIFFIN HEADS OF THE NEW CAPITAL: FROM THE GROUND LEVEL, IT HAS MANY QUALITIES, BUT WAS UNSUITABLE FOR VIEWING FROM FAR BELOW.



FIG. 7. THE OTHER HEAD OF THE GRIFFIN CAPITAL (SEE FIG. 6). IT SEEMS QUITE CLEAR THAT THIS DESIGN, ALTHOUGH COMPLETED, WAS REFUSED BY THE ARCHITECTS.

*Continued.* the ruins of Persepolis. They acquaint us with two works of Achæmenid sculpture that have come down to us in a comparatively excellent state of preservation. Also, they are authentic examples of typical mistakes, giving us reliable information as to working conditions for the architects of the period, or, rather, and more exactly, on the way work was supervised at the time of Darius and Xerxes. For a simple, small model of a capital with eagles' heads, made beforehand and examined from all sides and angles, would have prevented



FIG. 8. THE LION PAW OF THE GRIFFIN CAPITAL. ALTHOUGH COMPLETED AND EXCELLENT OF ITS KIND, THIS STATUE WAS A FAILURE AS AN ARCHITECTURAL ELEMENT.

a great expense of time and of funds. As for the capital with lions' heads, one is astonished to think that the foreman of the workshop should have waited till it was finished before examining the quality of the stone, trying out an absurd remedy, and finally adopting the only possible one—i.e., bury it! It is probable that the Persepolis Terrace, now nearly cleared of all the earth that covered it up during the centuries, does no longer conceal objects or sculptures of great importance. Further work in the Plain could,

[Continued opposite.]



## ANIMALS OF PERSEPOLIS: A PATIENT DOG, AND A TWO-HEADED LION.



FIG. 9. ANOTHER FAILURE OF THE PERSEPOLIS SCULPTORS AND ONE WHICH THROWS LIGHT ON THEIR WASTEFULNESS: A DOUBLE-HEADED LION CAPITAL, EXCELLENT IN DESIGN AND EXECUTION BUT CONTAINING A FATAL FLAW IN THE STONE, WHICH THEY HAD ATTEMPTED TO CORRECT WITH BRONZE CRAMPS.



FIG. 10. STILL PATIENTLY ON GUARD IN THE WORKSHOP OF ITS SCULPTORS: THE STATUE OF A DOG, SITTING ON ITS HAUNCHES, RECENTLY FOUND AT PERSEPOLIS.

*Continued.*

however, bring precious information concerning the Royal town, where excavation has scarcely begun, as well as on the site of what was, of old, called the "Burghers' Town," the city where craftsmen, workmen, merchants, State officers dwelt, and of which we know practically nothing. It seems probable



FIG. 11. ONE OF THE HEADS OF FIG. 9: BETWEEN THE EYES ARE THE "WARTS" OF STRENGTH, SEEN ALSO IN IVORIES RECENTLY FOUND AT NIMRUD.

that this town was, like the Royal town, situated in the Plain, but separated from this town by two walls and a moat described by the ancient historians. As seems proved by recent soundings, it may have spread far out in the direction of Naksh-è-Rustam.





"HUMPTY DUMPTY" AT DRURY LANE, CHRISTMAS, 1903: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF SOME OF THE CHARACTERS, SHOWING DAN LENO AS QUEEN SPRITELY, HERBERT CAMPBELL AS KING SOLLUM, H. J. WARD AS THE SCARECROW, MISS LYTON AS RUDOLPH, MISS LOUISE WILLIS AS HUMPTY DUMPTY, MR. G. BASTON AS PETER AND MISS MARIE GEORGE AS BLOSSOM.



"BLUEBEARD," AT THE CORONET, FIFTY YEARS AGO: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF SOME OF THE CHARACTERS, SHOWING MR. E. SHAND AS SHACABAC, MISS MAISIE HARRIS AS PINGPONG, MR. C. STEVENS AS BLUEBEARD, MISS LILY ELSIE AS FATIMA, MISS WINIFRED HARE AS SELIM AND MR. J. BLAKELEY AS SISTER ANNE. THERE WAS ANOTHER PRODUCTION OF "BLUEBEARD" AT THE GRAND, ISLINGTON (Continued.)

"Miss Lily Elsie and Miss Winifred Hare make a handsome pair of Eastern lovers—the most notable characteristic is an elegant series of stage pictures, culminating in a marriage fête held in a 'Palace of Roses.'" At the Crystal Palace, "which has its usual circus with a sensational bicycle feat of 'Flying the

FIFTY years ago, in our issue dated January 2, 1904, we illustrated by means of artists' sketches a number of pantomimes which were then running in London. The illustrations of characters in "Humpty Dumpty," drawn by Percy F. S. Spence; "Bluebeard," at the Coronet, and "Dick Whittington," at the Crystal Palace, drawn by Ralph Cleaver, are reproduced above. In a feature called "Christmas in the Playhouses," we said: "Those croakers who have asserted that the vogue of pantomime is declining have been signally confuted this holiday time. Take the case of Drury Lane Theatre. Never in its history has such an enthusiastic Boxing Night audience assembled there as that which greeted Mr. Arthur Collins's latest Christmas annual. . . . Here was that favourite Cockney comedian, the inimitable Dan Leno, convulsing all beholders as a certain Queen Spritely just as though he had never had a serious illness." In describing "Bluebeard," at the Coronet, we said:

(Continued below.)



"DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, FIFTY YEARS AGO: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF SOME OF THE CHARACTERS, SHOWING MR. A. LINDON AS THE COOK, MR. V. VERNON AS ALDERMAN FITZWARREN, MISS CISSY PARIS AS DICK, MR. F. FARREN AS THE CAT; ALICE, THE KING OF THE CATS, AND MR. SCHAFFERTER AS THE IDLE APPRENTICE.

Flume' performed by Mdlle. Dutrien, there is also a pantomime devoted to 'Dick Whittington,' which Mr. Humphrey Brammall has resolved shall be full of fun, though he has also provided brilliant spectacle in 'A Feast of Gold,' illuminated with no fewer than a thousand electric lights."

LONDON PANTOMIMES OF FIFTY YEARS AGO ON THE STAGE: "HUMPTY DUMPTY," "BLUEBEARD" AND "DICK WHITTINGTON."





"HUMPTY DUMPTY ON ICE," AT THE EMPIRE POOL, WEMBLEY: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF TWO SPECTACULAR BALLETES FROM THE PANTOMIME, SHOWING (LEFT) CAPTAIN VALENTINE MEETING THE PRINCESS (GLORIA NORD), WITH HUMPTY DUMPTY ON THE WALL IN THE BACKGROUND; AND (RIGHT) THE PALACE OF JACK FROST.



"SINBAD THE SAILOR ON ICE," AT THE EMPRESS HALL: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF SOME PERFORMERS IN THE PANTOMIME, INCLUDING JOHN AND JENNIFER NICKS, NORMAN WISDOM, THE CALIPH (BASIL CUDLIPP-GREEN) AND THE VIZIER (JACK HARRIS). THE BALLET BENEATH THE SEA IS SHOWN (RIGHT).

#### LONDON PANTOMIMES OF TO-DAY ON THE ICE RINK: "HUMPTY DUMPTY" AND "SINBAD THE SAILOR."

On the facing page we recall some Christmas pantomimes of Edwardian days, and here we show two pantomimes of to-day, different from those of fifty years ago in that they are performed on ice. Those "croakers who have asserted that the vogue of pantomime is declining have been signally confuted this holiday time" and they may also reap comfort from the fact that those words appeared in our issue of January 2, 1904, thus seeming to prove that those wonderful Christmas pantomimes of childhood like those summer days when the sun always shone, are but nostalgic myths. Certainly the pantomimes on

ice illustrated on this page contain spectacles just as splendid as any of the "pictorial triumphs" enjoyed fifty years ago. But in order to attract big audiences to-day the theatre is being neglected in favour of the ice rink, and the players must be not only actors and actresses but accomplished skaters as well. "Humpty Dumpty on Ice" contains enchanting scenes such as the Palace of Jack Frost; the Swan Lake, where huge swans glide upon the surface of the ice, and a lovely ballet of dolls. "Sinbad the Sailor" has a memorable

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## PLINGE AND COMPANY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

SIR HERBERT TREE, whose birth, 101 years ago, we have been celebrating, was among the First Players of his century. He is a compelling legend to those of us who had no chance of seeing him upon the stage. When his name is spoken, I remember the lines written by his daughter Iris after his death in 1917:

The world is wearier, grown dark to grieve  
Her child that was a pilgrim and a king.

It has been left to the B.B.C., with a radio revival of "Colonel Newcome," to remind us of a typical entry in Tree's long record at His Majesty's. Strangely, another Edwardian play—astonished to find itself in the West End—has just come from the period when Tree was at his zenith. It is very much a poor relation, one of the stock melodramas that flourished in those days, and that, twenty years on, were to be washed away by the flood-tide of the cinema.

"Dammit, I'm not far off blubbing," says Ned Kingston (of the Royal Navy) at a dramatic moment in that compound of dramatic moments, Emma Litchfield's "A London Actress" (from the Terriss Theatre, Rotherhithe). I confess that, during much of this revival at the Arts Theatre Club, I was lost in a sentimental haze—not far off blubbing, friends—and all because of the return to the stage of my favourite actor, Walter Plinge.

A. N. Other, also a very fine and tried artist (and athlete), was in the programme as well. Excellent; but I concentrated upon Plinge, whom some of us used to meet so often in the provinces—he could be a London actor too, but his great feats were provincial. Usually he turned up in the long cast of a classical drama. Nobody carried a spear with a better poise. If you saw a particularly notable performance of a Sixth Citizen or a Fourth Forester; if you wondered at the grace and agility of the Messenger who dashed on (L.) and rushed out (R.), you could be sure as a rule that the man was Walter Plinge.

I have known him now and then in modern dress. He used to be apt as a Footman. To-day his study of the Second Policeman in "A London Actress" seems to me to have the same vigour and quick command. He looked strangely like another admirable player in the programme, Peter Copley; but then Plinge has usually looked like somebody else. From the first he has appeared always, chameleon-wise, to take his colour from the company he keeps. He may try to conceal the resemblance. Useless. Invariably we have known that two Plinges were in the field,

Shallow (on quite another occasion): "And is old Double dead?"

It was charming of the Arts producer, Charles Hickman, to bring back Plinge and A. N. Other in the present cast. Plinge's origin has been much debated. Some hold that he rose from the Benson company; certainly he kept his name for years as the semi-official cloak for the second part of an actor involved in "doubling." Mr. Copley (plus Plinge and A. N. Other) is now all three policemen in "A London Actress," besides opening the affair, in a beard, as that Naval Gentleman, Captain Mainwaring, who gets

Actress" is a grand slam. "L.s.d.!" cries the Adventuress in effect; "That's the only game worth winning!" She does not win it, though she goes—as she is anxious to explain—from Bad to Worse, and nearly sends Clive Crawford, pride of the Fusiliers, to the gallows. However, he is reprieved in the condemned cell. And, at the last, the Adventuress sticks a dagger, very neatly, into her own heart. It is a play as full of incident as even Lady Bracknell could desire, one replete with coincidences, heroics, melodramatic "chords," lugubrious comic relief, and hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach. The Adventuress is wholly unaided, except by a rather feeble landlady on the night that the failed London Actress is locked out in a snowstorm. At other times Hilda Langley is there to thread every plot herself; and she is a past-mistress at plotting.

I had never met Hilda before; but at one period, as a young playgoer between the wars, I met many friends of hers in one of the surviving stock-melodrama companies. An old diary holds the names of "The Price She Paid," "The Heart of a Shopgirl," "A Woman Beyond Redemption," "Her Night of Sacrifice," "Saturday Night in London," "The Plaything of an Hour," and a dozen others, full of twelfth-hour rescues and rich heroics. I have to admit that, engaging as the present Arts production is—everything heightened, nonsensically "pointed"—I find a decayed melodrama more entertaining when it is played for everything it is worth, quite straight.

There are several others I want to see—for example, "The Shadow Between; or, The Vultures of Kildare," where the characters include Ebenezer Maxim, Bobby Buck, Convict 99 and Red-Nosed Guest; "The Girl Who Wrecked His Home," described as "a homely play for homely people"; "The Eve of Her Wedding," which has Squire Leverton, Bill Groggins and P.C. Lockup; and "The End Crowns All," with Prince Borinsky, Policeman D 53, Birdie Going and Mrs. Cleo Jubbs. Still, "A London Actress" will do. We have to agree that it is presented with enthusiasm at the Arts by such players as "Mrs." Joan Haythorne, who has a flaunt; Alan Macnaughtan (very serious), in and out of broad arrows; Tom Gill (very noble), crying blithely "Toodle-oo!", and ready to do anything for his chum's honour that a Lieutenant (R.N.) can; Joan Blake, the essence of a Good Woman; and Peter Copley, in beard and out, with or without truncheon. And Miss Litchfield is ready with such comic relief as "Didn't I catch you kissing Rosey under my very nose?"—"It was under *her* nose I was



PETER BLACKMORE'S COMEDY: "DOWN CAME A BLACKBIRD," WHICH OPENED AT THE SAVOY THEATRE ON DECEMBER 22. A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WITH HAZEL PENWARDEN AS MADELEINE AND JOHN LODER AS SIR CLIVE. THE PLAY IS PRODUCED BY HENRY KENDALL.

murdered in the second scene. There he is agreeable in a salty fashion; but I think he prefers life as the three Policemen (with three truncheons). One or the other is always on the spot at the right moment: in the Green Room of a London Theatre, in a London Street, or in a London Drawing-room.

The much-experienced actress-dramatist, Emma Litchfield, wrote this play just fifty years ago. Produced at Rotherhithe in January 1904, it belongs to a type of wholly defiant melodrama that some playgoers of a new generation can hardly credit. Indeed, their expressions at such a play as this imply that it has been concocted for the occasion.

Not at all. The record of this brand of "stock" melodrama is a curious byway of stage history. It takes one into the oddest surroundings, as in the present piece, where Moses Mendoza, a Moneylender with a kind heart; Hilda Langley, an Adventuress in scarlet-and-black, who slinks; Clive Crawford, of the Fusiliers; Ned Kingston, of the Royal Navy; Phyllis Grey, an Actress; and a variety of Policemen, go round about the melodramatic cauldron for our delight.

The object of the dramatists among whom Emma Litchfield shone was to run together a set of sensational incidents without the vaguest call upon judgment or reason. These may have been grand-jury-men since before Noah was a sailor, but they did not worry those experts, the authors of "Grand Melodrama." Miss Litchfield's "A London



"IT BELONGS TO A TYPE OF WHOLLY DEFIANT MELODRAMA THAT SOME PLAYGOERS OF A NEW GENERATION CAN HARDLY CREDIT": "A LONDON ACTRESS," A REVIVAL OF EMMA LITCHFIELD'S "GRAND MELODRAMA" AT THE ARTS THEATRE CLUB, SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) HILDA LANGLEY, AN ADVENTURESS (JOAN HAYTHORNE); BIDDY MALONEY, AN IRISHWOMAN (MOYA NUGENT); PHYLLIS GREY, AN ACTRESS (JOAN BLAKE); AND FIRST POLICEMAN (PETER COPLEY).



"I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT, ENGAGING AS THE PRESENT ARTS PRODUCTION IS—I FIND A DECAYED MELODRAMA MORE ENTERTAINING WHEN IT IS PLAYED FOR EVERYTHING IT IS WORTH, QUITE STRAIGHT": "A LONDON ACTRESS," DIRECTED BY CHARLES HICKMAN, SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) PHYLLIS GREY (JOAN BLAKE); CLIVE CRAWFORD (ALAN MACNAUGHTAN); NED KINGSTON (TOM GILL); PAT MALONEY (EDWARD BYRNE); MOSES MENDOZA (WOLFE MORRIS); AND A DUDE (GEORGE BRADFORD).

Walter and someone else with the unmistakable features.

He is a veteran now, an infrequent arrival. But, before any notice of "A London Actress," the sort of non-classical piece he has generally enjoyed, I cannot refrain from welcoming my old friend back. I have written of him before; we never know when other chances may come. There is a sad certainty that, one day, blubbing in earnest, we shall have to say with

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"ROBINSON" (Royal Court; Pegasus Theatre Club).—We should hear more of Patric Dickinson's charming version of the Jules Supervielle fantasy: a Crusoe variant that begins in Cornwall and slips to an isle far-off in the tropic seas. Mary Watson and David O'Brien were especially good in a cast—based on the junior members of the Stratford-upon-Avon company—that acted the piece for one performance. (December 13.)  
BALLETS DE PARIS DE ROLAND PETIT (Stoll).—A fairground setting for "La Belle au Bois Dormant," a Petit ballet (music by Henri Dutilleul), with Mlle. Leslie Caron as a new kind of sleeping beauty.  
"A LONDON ACTRESS" (Arts Theatre Club).—Emma Litchfield's "grand melodrama," acted determinedly—if not, maybe, as its dramatist would have wished—is a useful Christmas present, though I wish that these decayed marvels could be allowed to speak for themselves, without extraneous geying. (December 16.)

kissing her," which must have sounded reminiscent even in 1904.

The Arts audience cheered and booed—a little uncertainly—and for once a cast looked happy at the final hooting (for "Mrs." Haythorne, whose scowl remained set). But, as I say, I had little time for either booing or applauding. My heart was there with Walter Plinge, restored at last. Dammit, Ned, I wasn't far off blubbing.



## A LILLIPUTIAN VARIETY SHOW: PODRECCA'S PICCOLI THEATRE.



IN GAY AND AUTHENTIC COSTUMES THE DANCERS DANCE A SWIRLING RUMBA: A SCENE FROM *A NIGHT IN CUBA*.



GLORIOUSLY BEJEWELLED, HIGH-KICKING *MISTINGUETTE* SINGS AND DANCES WITH VERVE AND GAY ABANDON.



"ALLEZ-OOP!": THE ATHLETES *SPAGHETTINO* AND *CANNELONE* PERFORM ASTONISHING FEATS OF STRENGTH.



A TOUCHING SCENE FROM *MISSISSIPPI*: A COTTON PLANTATION WORKER KNEELS AS HE SINGS, EVOKING MEMORIES OF "UNCLE TOM" TO THE MELODIES OF STEPHEN FOSTER.



EXCITED NEGROES WAVE AS THE TRADITIONAL SHOW-BEAT SAILS DOWN THE RIVER: ANOTHER SCENE FROM *MISSISSIPPI*, SHOWING THE "ROBERT E. LEE" BENEATH THE SILVERY MOON.



THE P.S.O., OR PICCOLI SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, PLAYING A VIENNESE MEDLEY OF STRAUSS MUSIC. IT HAS THREE SOLOISTS, MESSRS. STRUDEL, SCHNITZEL AND SPRITZ.



AN ENORMOUS MOUSTACHE DOES NOT LESSEN THE PERFORMANCE OF THIS VIRTUOSO OF THE FLUTE: *SIBILIO PIFFERETTI*, WITH HIS FAITHFUL DOG, *SALTEREL*.

A show which has a cast of 500—Podrecca's Piccoli Theatre—opened at the Princes Theatre on December 21 and gave a performance distinguished not only by its variety but, by its agility. The performers are marionettes manipulated by ten operators. During its thirty-nine years of existence, Podrecca's Piccoli Theatre, has given over 20,000 performances in all parts of the world. Altogether there are 1200 puppets in the company and ten miles of string and wire go to manipulate them; some have up to thirty wires attached and take

four people to operate. Music is provided by a full-scale orchestra of twenty-five and there are five opera singers. The Piccoli was founded by Vittorio Podrecca, and it is nearly twenty years since he last brought his troupe of little men and women to London. His wife, Signora Podrecca, who sings several of the rôles in the show, was born in Belfast and grew up in Balham. Before she married she was Cissy Vaughan, a Gaiety Girl and understudy to Ellaline Terriss. (Photographs reproduced by courtesy of the "Sketch.")





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

### BUTCHER'S BROOM AND BUREAUCRACY.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

**A**LTHOUGH it is mid-December we have not yet had a single frost worth mentioning. I do not call the sort of temperature that

cuts the dahlias a frost. It's merely an exhibition of cold malice. Although, moreover, it has been an autumn—we are told—of June temperatures, I have not noticed it either looking or feeling like June. But then, in our climate, temperature tells us little. It's merely what that impersonal, unemotional thing, a thermometer, says. Despite all this mildness, however, the garden is just about at its lowest ebb of deadness and dreariness. There has, of course, been the usual crop of letters to the papers, telling of all the old familiar precocious or belated December flowerings in the open garden, as though they were miracles—and record miracles at that. Daisies, primroses, polyanthus, stray eruptions of apple, pear or plum blossom and the rest. But in my own garden there seems to be neither more nor less than usual of these early and late arrivals. There is just the usual pleasant sprinkling of small, bright flowers which one is thankful to be able to gather for vases for the house. Many of them were quite overlooked during the flower riots of summer and autumn, but now they come into their own, and it is quite extraordinary how these homely, home-grown trivia hold their own among the arrogant mercenaries, cyclamen, primulas, azaleas, etc., that one can not resist bringing from the florist's.

In a recent article I described the Hidcote form of *Hypericum patulum* as one of the most industrious, non-stop, hardy flowers. But I can tell you of another plant which has an even longer flowering season. *Tiarella wherryi* started flowering in my garden last April, and has been flowering without a break ever since. Now, in mid-December, I have gathered a dozen or so of its flower spikes for the house, and there are several dozen more spikes in various stages of development. The better-known foam-flower, *Tiarella cordifolia*, is an attractive plant for woodland ground-cover, for spreading around among shrubs, or for shady borders. It spreads strawberry-wise by means of stolons, and in spring is a pretty sight with its feathery sprays of creamy-white foam-flowers on 6- to 9-in. stems. But its flowering season is relatively short. *Tiarella wherryi* is a more compact and much more refined plant, with the tufted or clumpy habit of *Heuchera sanguinea* and neat, feathery spikes of creamy flowers, the upper, unopened buds giving a rosy tone to the tip of the spike. The flower-stems carrying these dainty flower-spikes are about 12 to 15 ins. high. The first flowering in spring is amazingly profuse, and after that the plant settles down to producing a moderate running fire of blossom until real winter sets in. It is very much a shade-loving plant. If clumps of *Tiarella wherryi* are lifted and potted in late summer or early autumn, and kept in an unheated greenhouse, or cold frame, or even on a windowsill in the house, they will go on flowering practically all through the winter, and although not violently showy, they have great charm of a quiet sort and are well worth the experiment.

For the first time in my life I am enjoying some really well-berried bushes of Butcher's Broom. I have known the plant all my life but only, until fairly recently, as a dull, rather hostile, dwarf evergreen shrub, without any beauty of either flower or berry. There were strong clumps of it growing in a sort of spinney, known as the wilderness in my childhood's garden, but only once did I ever see one of them in fruit, and then there was only one solitary scarlet berry, three or four times the size of a holly berry, sitting stemless, plumb in the centre of one of the hard, dark-green leaves. These leaves—which, botanically speaking, are not true leaves—are oval, a shade under an inch long, and about half-an-inch wide. They taper to a single, needle-sharp prickle. The great

scarlet berries usually have a diameter rather greater than the width of the leaves on which they sit. Butcher's Broom forms small, dense forests of stiff, green, erect stems about 2 ft. high, or rather more, each stem branching in its upper portion to form a pyramid of its dark, glossy, evergreen foliage. But there are two forms of Butcher's Broom. In one the male and female flowers are carried on separate, individual bushes, and this sort seldom produces berries, unless a male and a female happen to grow near one another—which is rare. Unfortunately this non- or seldom-fruited form is the commoner of the two. It was the one which I knew as a child. How that one solitary great berry managed to get itself produced in the circumstances is a miracle. The other form of Butcher's Broom is hermaphrodite, self-sufficient, self-fertilising, and so is capable of producing berries. It was not until a few years ago that I came by several good clumps of this hermaphrodite Butcher's Broom. They took a

by division—unless you can find it a husband, or a wife, so to speak—the latter has double opportunities of increase, by division and from seed. It comes quite true from seed, though seedling plants take several years to reach flowering and fruiting strength. But how well worth waiting for!

Of all the *Æthionemas*, my favourite is *Æthionema grandiflorum*. It is the tallest of the lot, making many-stemmed bushlets 18 ins. or so high, smothered with innumerable flowers of a bright, strong rose-pink. It is best grown in the wall garden, or cocked up in some fully sunny position in the rock garden. I have described it as a shrublet, but in "the books" it is usually referred to as a sub-shrub. What, I wonder, is exactly the definition of a sub-shrub? On one occasion during the war, the *Æthionemas* stood me in good stead as shrubs. It was at the time when the

Ministry of Food—or was it Agriculture?—allowed nurseries like mine—mostly Alpine—to devote a portion of their ground to ornamental plants—25 per cent. I think it was. The rest had to be devoted to utility crops. Right. I had reduced my quota of Alpines to about 10 per cent. or less. But the Ministry of War Transport passed an edict that among nursery plants only those with hard, woody stems might be sent by post or by rail. To be allowed by one Ministry to grow certain plants for sale, and to be prevented by another Ministry from selling them, seemed to me mildly crazy. The then President of the R.H.S. assured me that he had personally tackled the Minister of Transport, who was adamant. So I had a bash myself, at the other Ministry, and was granted an interview. Four of us sat at far-distant intervals around a vast boardroom table. I explained my position. I was allowed to maintain a small nucleus collection of my Alpines, but unless I was able to sell a few I could not afford to maintain them. If the collection went, I would not be in a position to re-employ my staff when they returned from the Services, and at the same time my export trade would have gone. But what puzzled

me—and would they be awfully kind and explain?—was that I was allowed to fill a whole railway truck with any old common, useless and ugly shrubs as long as they had hard, woody stems, and send them to the farthest ends of the kingdom. But I was not allowed to send the smallest, compactest box of valuable Alpine plants to the next station down the line. The explanation was simple. It was important that forestry planting should continue and therefore trees for that purpose must be carried by train. But the official experts had been unable to draw a line between utility trees for forestry and purely ornamental trees and shrubs. So they just made the broad, simple ruling—plants with hard, woody stems—and the others.

That gave me the opening I wanted. I just wanted guidance. "As of course you must know," I said, "a great many Alpine plants have hard, woody stems. Acantholimon, Erodiums, *Æthionemas*, Helianthemums, most of the Kabschia saxifrages, to name only a few. These, presumably, I am entitled to distribute by rail or post." "But what," I asked "would my position be if, shall we say, an *Æthionema*, recently struck as a cutting and whose stem had not yet hardened up, were discovered in one of my parcels; what penalty should I be in for?" I gambled on not one of them being a rock gardener. My examples of woody-stemmed Alpines were sound enough, but they were not to know. But how charming they were! Although they did not actually say so, I gathered that they wished me to know that I had better get on with it. Which was exactly what I had been doing all along. Anyway, the "hard, woody" edict was rescinded a week or so later. The mere sight of *Æthionema* to-day brings happy memories of that ridiculous conference, with bureaucracy at its most charming.



THE PLANT THAT THE BUREAUCRATS DID NOT REJECT: *ÆTHIONEMA GRANDIFLORUM*, "MY FAVOURITE OF ALL THE *ÆTHIONEMAS*." IT IS A WOODY-STEMMED BUSHLET, 18 INS. OR SO HIGH, "SMOTHERED WITH INNUMERABLE FLOWERS OF A BRIGHT, STRONG ROSE-PINK."

Photograph by J. R. Jameson.

year or two to establish in a shady bed on the north side of my house, but this autumn, although they are not as tall as really mature bushes become, they are fruiting freely and brilliantly. A most heartening sight. The colour scheme is very much that of holly, scarlet fruit in a setting of dark, glossy green, though the green of Butcher's Broom is deeper than that of holly. As a Christmas decoration in the house, Butcher's Broom is delightful, especially in water. It is too choice and usually too scarce to use along the tops of the pictures. A few days ago I gathered one single spray for the house, and it stands erect in a half-egg-shaped Chinese bronze bowl, with a few Christmas roses below it. Nothing could be more severely simple, and for that reason I like it. It is one of the smaller sprays of my Butcher's Broom. The actual pyramid of leaf and berry measures no more than 8 or 9 ins., yet it carries over thirty of its huge scarlet berries. It is a curious thing that the dull, non-fruited form of this shrub should have become so much commoner than the splendid fruiting variety, for whilst the former can only be increased

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# SIXTY YEARS AFTER: A MEMORY OF THE MATABELE WAR RECALLED.



A FEW SCATTERED STONES, ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE ORIGINAL GRAVES OF THE THIRTY-TWO MASSACRED MEN OF THE SHANGANI PATROL.



"THE LAST STAND": CATON WOODVILLE'S PICTURE RECALLING THE DEFIANCE OF THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE SHANGANI PATROL. (From "The Illustrated London News" of July 14, 1894.)



MAJOR ALLAN WILSON, COMMANDER OF THE GALLANT BUT ILL-FATED PATROL. (From "The Illustrated London News" of January 6, 1894.)



THE MEMORIAL IN A RHODESIAN GLADE WHICH MARKS THE SPOT WHERE MAJOR ALLAN WILSON AND THE SHANGANI PATROL WERE MASSACRED BY THE MATABELE SIXTY YEARS AGO. RECENTLY VISITED BY THE ALLAN WILSON MASONIC LODGE.

IN early January 1894—just sixty years ago—the Empire was thrilled and shocked by the news of the massacre and heroic stand of the Shangani Patrol. This was a patrol of thirty-two European scouts, of whom the commander was Major Allan Wilson. In hot pursuit of the Matabele King, Lobengula, in the Matabele War, they were cut off by a swollen river from reinforcement and were massacred to a man by a savage Matabele impi. The story of their stand, with the last man firing to the

(Continued below, right)



MAJOR ALLAN WILSON AND SOME OF HIS COMRADES IN THE SHANGANI PATROL: FROM AN ENGRAVING IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JANUARY 20, 1894, BASED ON A PHOTOGRAPH BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORT VICTORIA COLUMN.

Continued.]

last from the top of an ant-heap, was pieced together from native stories; and it is notable that the Matabele, out of respect for the courage of the patrol, left the thirty-two bodies where they fell and did not mutilate them as they usually did. About two months after the massacre a store-keeper found the remains, and carved on a tree the cross we show on a tree-trunk, now removed and preserved at Bulawayo. A memorial was erected on the site and the bones of the patrol now rest at the Shangani Memorial in the Matopos Hills. In December 1953, thirty members of the Allan Wilson Masonic Lodge (851 S.C.) journeyed through the bush to the site of the stand to "pay tribute and honour to the gallant leader after whom our Lodge is named."



"TO BRAVE MEN": THE CROSS CARVED ON A TREE BY THE STOREKEEPER WHO FOUND THE BODIES. NOW PRESERVED IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT BULAWAYO.



## A PHNOM-PENH BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: THREE DAYS OF FEASTING AND FESTIVITY FOR AN OLD-STYLE CAMBODIAN WEDDING.

MODERN youth in Phnom-Penh, as much as in Europe, tends to find old customs wearisome; but those who live in the Cambodian quarter of the city still follow the elaborate traditional marriage ceremonial. In such circles in Cambodia a man does not just marry the girl of his choice. Great prudence must be exercised; there must be no haste, and too precipitate an offer might meet with a shaming refusal. Marriage plans ripen during interminable feminine discussions, often begun at religious festivals, or on social occasions, during which mothers obtain information as to the virtues and the faults of the children concerned, the financial situation of their families and the likelihood of concluding a satisfactory marriage. The next move is for the parents of the young people to meet discreetly. One day—apparently by chance—the father and mother of the boy visit the girl's mother. The talk is of the crops, the weather and so forth, but, in passing, one of the visitors will say that the girl is growing up, and will soon be of an age to be asked for in marriage. The mother understands the hint and, when, next week, the visitors return with gifts in their hands they may be told that the girl is still very young and ignorant. This indicates clearly that the proposed marriage is unacceptable. But if the project is to go on, a third visit sees the conclusion of the engagement. Friends and parents assemble with gifts of fruit, jewels, materials and betel. Two *Mehs*, or venerable go-betweens, attend, each armed with a betel box; and an *Achar*, a learned old man well versed in ceremonial, accompanies them. The *Mehs* formulate the proposal to the *Mehs*, a couple who represent the girl's parents, and between them they settle the amount of the dowry. A propitious date for the marriage is chosen by the *Achar* through study of the dates of birth of the bride and bridegroom. Before the wedding-day parents and friends of the bridegroom construct, by the side of the bride's home, a pavilion of bamboo and green branches, and build a kitchen, in which women of the family and neighbours will cook during the three days' festivities. On the evening of the first day of the marriage festivities the bridegroom proceeds in procession to the pavilion, preceded by musicians and accompanied by parents and friends bearing baskets and trays of fruit and other foods; and the night passes in music and talk. Next day the two *Mehs* arrive at the bride's house and present to the *Mehs* the engagement gifts and dowry; and

(Continued opposite.)

THE CEREMONY OF THE SWORD: THE *ACHAR*, A LEARNED OLD MAN VERSED IN CEREMONIAL, PRESENTS THE WEAPON TO THE BRIDEGROOM AND INVESTS HIM WITH POWER TO PROTECT HIS WIFE.



THE BINDING OF THE WRISTS OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM WITH COTTON THREADS WHOSE MAGICAL PROPERTIES ARE BELIEVED TO PROVIDE PROTECTION FROM EVIL. ACCORDING TO TRADITION THE BRIDE, IF SHE SUCCEEDS IN KEEPING HER HEAD A TRIFLE HIGHER THAN THAT OF THE BRIDEGROOM, WILL BE THE RULER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

A CAMBODIAN WEDDING GROUP: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM WEARING THEIR MAGNIFICENT NATIONAL TRADITIONAL COSTUME, THOUGH HAS WESTERN SHOES.



Continued] the guests sit down to feast. The *Achar* later cuts a lock of hair from the bridegroom's head while ritual music sounds, and a married man cuts another lock while the musicians sing and dance. The bride, who remains in strict seclusion in a bedroom, undergoes a similar hair-cutting ceremony at the hands of a married woman. Before the feast the *Achar* has made an offering to *Krong Peali*, "master of the soil," for though Cambodians are devout Buddhists, and bonzes are always present at weddings and offer prayers, the ancient gods are also remembered. The offering to *Krong Peali*, which consists of food and the tiny figure of a man in sticky rice, is laid in a trench in the garden and buried. The *Achar* also pounds gum and spices in a mortar, heats it to produce a paste and offers it to the bride. She touches it with her finger and rubs her teeth—a reminder of the old custom of lacquering the teeth, now fallen into disuse. On the third day the two go-betweens arrive before dawn at the bride's house, and hand over to the *Mehs* the final gift, the payment for the "breast milk," which must be offered to the bride's mother before she parts with her daughter. Originally it was a bar of silver weighing one tael; then it became silver coins, and finally paper. Owing to devaluation the value of the offering now equals a packet of cigarettes or a box of matches, so the mother of the bride does not regard the presentation as of great importance. Till the third day the bridegroom has worn a lounge suit; but for the final ceremonies he appears in a costume of gold-run tissue. He takes his seat in the courtyard of the bride's house—in former days he sat on a mortar for pounding rice, now an armchair is more usual. Behind him the *Achar* is stationed, awaiting the rising of the sun, which he greets by striking a gong; and then pours lustral water on the palms of the bridegroom's hands. The procession now enters the bride's house and the bridegroom offers cabbage palm flowers (ceremonially gathered the previous day) to the *Mehs*, bows and sits on a cushion, in front of which lie trays laden with flowers, cotton threads and an areca-nut knife. A dancer, who has been kneeling before a sword set between silver bowls, rises and sings a traditional song about a shy bride. The girl does not appear, but when the orchestra plays the air of the *Lady Neak*, daughter of the King of the Nagas, who married the first Kmer King, ancestor of all the Cambodians—a tune which may be called the Cambodian "Wedding March"—she is led out by her mother, making a great show of reluctance. Bride and bridegroom then sit side by side, with joined hands and elbows resting on cushions. The girl, well coached by her mother, manages to hold her head higher than the bridegroom, which, tradition says, will ensure her being the ruler in the house. The *Achar* then gives the *Mehs* a ball of cotton thread which is passed from hand to hand and unwound, to enclose the pair in a circle. Their wrists are tied with magical protective cotton threads; and the *Mehs* takes three candles set on a silver lotus petal and gives them to the guests, who pass them from hand to hand three times round the circle, each one blowing the flames gently towards the bride and bridegroom. The *Mehs* then hands the sword to the bridegroom and empowers him to protect his wife; the guests bind the couple's wrists with cotton threads and throw cabbage palm flowers over them. The final rite is performed by the dancer who, with a skilful kick, rolls up the mat on which the bride and bridegroom have been sitting, and offers it for sale, assuming the company that whoever buys it will never lack for gold. It is purchased by the bridegroom, who then follows his wife out of the room, holding her scarf in his fingers, exactly as tradition records that the first King of Cambodia held that of his bride, the daughter of the King of the Nagas.

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THE HAIR-CUTTING CEREMONY: THE *ACHAR* CLIPS A LOCK FROM THE BRIDEGROOM'S HEAD. THE BRIDE UNDERGOES A SIMILAR RITUAL HAIR-CUTTING FROM THE HANDS OF A MARRIED WOMAN.



THE OFFERING CEREMONIAL OF THE THIRD DAY: THE BRIDEGROOM, WEARING CAMBODIAN DRESS OF GOLD-RUN TISSUE, BESIDE THE *ACHAR*, SURROUNDED BY RITUAL OBJECTS, INCLUDING CANDLES AND BETEL LEAVES.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE JOHN EVELYN EXHIBITION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

I ALWAYS approach any exhibition which appears to contain relics with the utmost suspicion; the chair the great man sat in, the lock of hair, the dingy writing-desk, I find dreary, dull and damnable. So I tiptoed into this show at the Victoria and Albert Museum ready to be exasperated and bored, though, to be sure, I should have decamped long before that. I need not have exercised such caution. There are no relics in the ordinary sense of the word, but Evelyn's pictures, silver and his manuscripts, and the whole quite modest array brings the diarist to life in a most vivid manner—the serious young man of twenty-one and the lively, bright oldster of a few years before his death at the age of eighty-six. We are, I suppose, tempted to compare him with his contemporary, Samuel Pepys, and to complain that he lacks that extraordinary little man's gusto and sparkle, which is a trifle unfair to Evelyn, just as to judge Pepys by the Diary alone is to miss a great deal of the solid Pepysian contribution to naval administration. In any case, the Evelyn Diary covers a much longer span and for that reason alone, in addition to the shrewd comments it contains upon men and affairs, for he moved with dignified assurance in high places, is of the greatest historical importance. But we are concerned here not with his public appearances but with his private life, and it is fascinating to note his many interests and his painstaking industry—the decidedly difficult handwriting of the Diary and of the manuscripts of his books, his experiments in drawing and etching, his passion for gardening and forestry and—of very special interest to readers of this page—his personal taste in pictures and prints.

Not by any means an easy character to understand; pious and diffident and so aloof (or so subtle?) that in spite of his Royalist convictions he was able to spend the years of the Civil War in travel; yet influential enough to have a hand in the Restoration of Charles II., while at the same time deploring that monarch's easy-going ways. He was a friend of Boyle and one of the founders of the Royal Society. Had he been rich he would no doubt have formed a notable collection of works of art, for his advice was held in high regard, and both Wenzel Hollar and Grinling Gibbons had every reason to be grateful to him. You have the impression that he was far more interested in acquiring knowledge than things, though he managed his estate with notable shrewdness; what he did acquire for himself certainly adds some felicitous brush-strokes to the self-portrait so unaffectedly composed by his pen. In Paris, for example, in addition to the delightful detailed landscape of Fig. 1, which is, I presume, a document of uncommon interest to all who love the city—and who does not?—he acquired and duly preserved an impression of the first etching made by Louis XIV. in 1651, and also, possibly then, possibly in the Low Countries, two Rembrandt etchings of good quality. (Perhaps more—I noticed two.) Prints interested him for other reasons as well: he

was anxious that the Court should adopt Persian—or something resembling Persian—dress, and there are several prints purporting to show Near-Eastern costume. Moreover, he was a friend of Prince Rupert, and his little book, "Sculptura," lies open at the page showing the mezzotint "The Executioner," done by the Prince himself, who, if he did not actually invent the method, was the first to improve it and introduce it to this country. Yet others were evidently used by his family for a kind of parlour game, in which anatomical studies of animals and birds were cut out and made up within decorative frames cut from other prints.

There is a fat volume containing a collection of pressed plants which he had prepared for him when he was in Italy. Another large book contains nothing but cooking recipes written in his own hand. His "Sylva; Or a Discourse on Forest Trees," no doubt his best-known book after the Diary, and which set the standard for eighteenth-century tree-planting, is, of course, an inevitable exhibit, and is neatly annotated, as it were, by an eighteenth-century landscape of the family house at Wotton, Surrey, in which can be seen the trees planted by him and by then grown to maturity. The house and grounds, by the way, now belong to the Home Office and have become a training centre for the Fire Service—in my view a sad, if inevitable fate, but perhaps the kindly shade of John Evelyn may derive a measure of satisfaction from the use to which his home is put, because fire-fighting was certainly one of his interests. Here is his Diary for September 5, 1666, in the midst of the Great Fire: "It pleased his Majesty to command me, among the rest, to look after the quenching of Fetter-lane end, to preserve (if possible) that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts . . . and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing-up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines."

Connoisseur though he was by the standards of his time (how condescending we are to the past! Shall we appear any wiser after 300 years?), I repeat, priggishly, connoisseur though he was, he managed to avoid acquiring anything we should call a masterpiece, but surrounded himself with the prints mentioned above, and a few modest pictures. There is the view of Paris, two rather dreary views of London (he had an eye for topography rather than for landscape), a very nice little *grisaille*—a shipping scene, by C. P. Mouy, whom I had never heard of but who, apparently, was active in Ireland between 1690 and 1740—a jolly and impish Molenaar, a head of a man by Jan Lievens, who was at this time looked upon as equal, if not superior, to Rembrandt, and, as if to emphasise Evelyn's interest in the curious, a painting by Maratta, then the fashionable man in Rome, showing a cross laid on a book, the base of the cross placed towards the spectator in such a way that, wherever you stand, the base seems to be facing you; one of those tricks which obviously delighted that generation—go downstairs to the Museum's ground floor, and you can find an Italian table inlaid with the same design. And that liking for the curious no doubt led him to appreciate the bizarre; for example, the print of a man's head and chest made up of kitchen utensils which anticipates,

though with far greater logic and intelligence, the antics of our modern surrealists. But maybe the latter would not accept it as representing the true faith—it is not even mildly obscene, merely innocent Christmas-partyish.

Of several portraits I have room for one only, and give due warning that it is grossly unfair to a serious, lovable and distinguished man. Fashions change, and our bright young men nowadays, however precious, are not in the habit of getting themselves immortalised in this fashion—but this is the year 1648 and the painting (known to the profane as "The Dying Duck")



FIG. 2. "JOHN EVELYN THE DIARIST" (1620-1706), AGED TWENTY-SEVEN: A PORTRAIT BY ROBERT WALKER (1607-1658), PAINTED IN 1648, ON VIEW AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

This is the painting to which Evelyn refers in his Diary, "First July 1648. 'I sat for my picture, in which there is a Death's head, to Mr. Walker, that excellent painter.'"

(Lent from the Evelyn Library, Christ Church, Oxford.)

is the one referred to in the Diary on July 1: "I sat for my picture, in which there is a Death's head, to Mr. Walker, that excellent painter." We may smile at the affectation, but it is a good portrait, none the less, thoughtful expression, long nose and all (Fig. 2). Perhaps the other two pictures call for additional light-hearted comment. Part of the charms of the jolly little Molenaar are provided by the details. A boy with a violin has a clay pipe stuck in his hat; a child in the centre is wearing the breastplate belonging to the morion on which she is beating out the time with two spoons. The other boy, who has the claw of a large bird in his hat, is performing some mysterious rite with a jar apparently covered with a parchment; through this is thrust a stick, and it is suggested that by turning the stick round and round among a few pebbles in the jar, he is able to produce an agreeable accompaniment. The golf-club introduced is, of course, no novelty in seventeenth-century Dutch pictures.

The prospect of Paris (Fig. 1) reveals more and more interesting details as one looks closer. Whoever painted it between 1630 and 1640 had a most meticulous eye. The view is seen from, I suppose, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the present Invalides, and even in this necessarily small reproduction you will have no difficulty in recognising the salient features—the Louvre, Notre-Dame, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, for example, and—on the horizon to the left—the several windmills on the high ground of Montmartre. Of the heavier craft unloading beneath the Louvre, none have the blunt bows of the modern barge, and nearly all the smaller boats have a canvas cover. On the left bank, near the house in the trees, it is wash-day; farther on, someone is looking after a flock of geese (?), while on the open space in the foreground a little group of men appears to be playing bowls or skittles. Dogs, houses, donkeys, wagons and coaches together make up a scene full of incident, and there is a sedate and somehow touching group walking down the hill arm in arm, *Monsieur, Madame et bébé*; the world was not so very different then—it only moved slower. You will note two bridges—one by the Louvre, of wood, the other, of stone, joining the island to each bank at its extreme western end.



FIG. 1. "A VIEW OF PARIS FROM THE LEFT BANK"; BY AN ANONYMOUS ARTIST OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL, PAINTED C. 1630-40. (Oil on canvas; 3 ft. 3 ins. by 6 ft. 4 ins.)

This painting, exhibited in the John Evelyn Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, is a "view seen from, I suppose, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the present Invalides, and even in this necessarily small reproduction you will have no difficulty in recognising the salient features . . ." writes Frank Davis. (Lent by the C. J. S. Evelyn Collection at Stonor Park.)



# "LA BELLE STUART'S" FINE SILVER-GILT TOILET SERVICE.

THE Lennoxlove Silver-Gilt Toilet Service, which is due to come up for sale at Sotheby's on February 25, is of very great historic and romantic interest as well as being of much artistic importance. Practically all the pieces bear the monogram and coronet of Frances Teresa Stuart (or Stewart), Duchess of Richmond and Lennox (1647-1702), known as "La Belle Stuart," a favourite of Charles II., who served as a model for the figure of Britannia on John Roettiers' medal commemorating the Peace of Breda, 1667, and also, it is practically certain, for his Britannia on the coinage of 1672.

[Continued opposite.]



CLOTHES BRUSHES, ONE LARGE AND ONE SMALL, AND TWO CIRCULAR BOXES AND COVERS: ITEMS IN THE LENNOXLOVE TOILET SERVICE, TO BE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S ON FEBRUARY 25.

## A MASTERPIECE ONCE OWNED BY A KING'S FAVOURITE.

[Continued.]

Frances Stuart's great fortune passed to her cousin, Alexander Stewart, fifth Lord Blantyre, and with it was purchased in 1703 the estate of Lethington, near Haddington, which, in accordance with the terms of her will, was then renamed Lennoxlove. It was there, about fifty years ago, that the service was discovered in a disused room. Lennoxlove, which had passed by inheritance to the Bairds, was sold to the Duke of Hamilton in 1947. It is by the order of Mr. R. W. Baird that the Toilet Service is being put up for auction. Pre-Revolution French silver is rare, and this historic Toilet Service is of

[Continued below, centre.]



PART OF THE FRENCH SILVER-GILT TOILET SERVICE OF FRANCES STUART, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND AND LENNOX: AN OBLONG CASKET, THE HINGED TOP NOW A PIN-CUSHION; AND CANDLESTICKS.



FRANCES, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND AND LENNOX, ORIGINAL OWNER OF THE TOILET SERVICE, WHICH BEARS HER MONOGRAM AND CORONET.



A JEWELLERY STAND (ONE OF A PAIR) AND TWO CIRCULAR BOXES AND COVERS MATCHING: ITEMS FROM THE LENNOXLOVE TOILET SERVICE, WHICH DATES FROM THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



A JEWELLERY STAND OF CIRCULAR FORM AND A PAIR OF SCENT BOTTLES OF QUADRANGULAR FORM, WITH CHAINED SCREW-ON STOPPERS. THERE IS A CONTEMPORARY LEATHER CASE FOR EACH ITEM.



ONE OF A PAIR; A LARGE CASKET, THE HINGED LID DOMED AND BEARING THE MONOGRAM AND CORONET OF FRANCES STUART. THE MAKER'S MARK ON EACH SIDE OF THE LID AND THE FERMIER'S MARK OF VINCENT FORTIER.



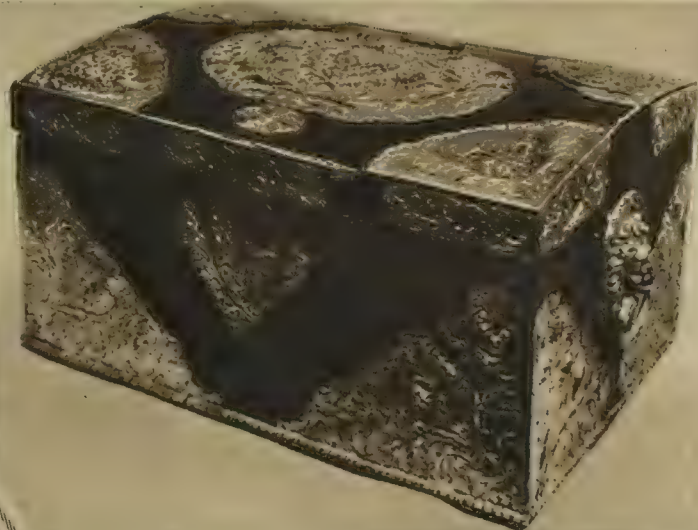
(ABOVE.) THE MIRROR OF OBLONG FORM, SURMOUNTED BY THE MONOGRAM IN A CIRCULAR CARTOUCHE HEADED WITH A CORONET, AND (RIGHT) THE REVERSE OF JOHN ROETTIERS' PEACE OF BREDA MEDAL 1667 WITH FRANCES STUART AS BRITANNIA.

[Continued.] for 1666; and the large circular boxes and covers shown in the photograph with one stand, for 1677 and 1670 respectively. One of the smaller circular boxes bears the Paris date-mark for 1677, as does the casket with the pin-cushion top. The

[Continued opposite.]

[Continued.] splendid workmanship, and is accompanied by a contemporary leather case for each of the items; and a travelling chest to contain the whole. Each piece bears the Fermier's mark of Vincent Fortier. The Mirror bears, in addition, the Paris date-letter for 1676; the jewellery stands of shaped outline that

[Continued below, left.]



CONSTRUCTED OF OAK AND VENEERED WITH WALNUT: THE TRAVELLING CHEST MADE TO CONTAIN THE ITEMS OF THE LENNOXLOVE TOILET SERVICE. IT IS 28½ INS. WIDE; 14½ INS. HIGH AND 18½ INS. BACK TO FRONT.

[Continued.]

candlesticks are of a different design from the other pieces and by another maker. They bear the Paris date-letter of 1661.

Medal, and print of the Duchess of Richmond by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

PERHAPS a first impression that was disappointing ought to be glossed over; it may set other people wrong. Or it may just as easily encourage them—which would make better sense. Therefore, I will admit that "*Dom Casmurro*," by Machado de Assis (W. H. Allen; 12s. 6d.), gave me a spell of anti-climax. Nor is it difficult to reason why, though with a less inconstant memory I could be more exact. And first, of course—the charm of a new flavour, the uncovenanted thrill, has to remain unique. Last time, Machado dropped on us unawares, and in effect unheralded; no one can herald a writer but himself. Now the surprise is lost; and we expect not only a great deal, but just that irrecoverable thrill. And my initial sentiment was the reverse; at first I thought it rather one-track and subdued, hardly a patch on "*Epitaph of a Small Winner*," with its firefly brilliance. This is where want of memory comes in. For though one must succumb to the new book, it still seems that the "*Epitaph*," with its more wandering plot, its sparkling, desultory, delicate and gay despair, may be in closer harmony with the technique, and even more profound.

And, on the other hand, this novel has apparently a graver theme. Apparently—for one can't really get beyond Ecclesiastes, who presides over the "*Epitaph*." But there is now a simple action, with a near-tragic end. It is indeed the very simplest of actions. "*Grumpy*," the cross-grained solitary lawyer, is recording his own youth; and it is all summed up in Capitú. When they were children, she was the little girl next door, and at fifteen he was in love with her. This he found out by eavesdropping, when "the dependent" (doubtless a phenomenon of old Brazil) cautioned his mother to beware of it. For Bento was to be a priest; so she had vowed after the loss of her first-born. And thus the turtle-doves had a long struggle. Yet it was really no more than a game; he got off with a few months at the seminary, and a bosom friend. This Escobar married the bosom friend of Capitú, and their felicity was undivided. Then Escobar was drowned. And then, years afterwards, Bento could see his idolised and only son growing day by day into the image of his other self. Always he had been frantically jealous—jealous of every cloud; yet not of Escobar for half a minute.

The catastrophe is brief; but, like the eyes of Capitú, it draws one in, with a mysterious and tidal suction. The long approaches have a double charm; that of the quaint Victorian-Brazilian scene, and that of personality and style. Of course for these, "one-track" is piercingly inept. The author still weaves like a butterfly, all over the place, with light, inimitable hopelessness.

## OTHER FICTION.

Of "*Mr. Pye*," by Mervyn Peake (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), I am reduced to saying that those who like this kind of thing should find it the kind of thing they are enchanted by. Which has unluckily a supercilious air. But it is not so meant; it is a mere confession of obtuseness. If you respond to all-out fantasy as such, then all, as far as I can judge, ought to be more than well. Even if not, you should be buoyed up on the execution for a certain period. But then one loses confidence, and begins sinking. At least, that was my fate; it is no verdict against Mr. Pye, the smooth little Pickwickian apostle, or his Grand Design.

This is the total conquest of the Isle of Sark. He boards it jauntily on a fine summer's day, and starts with the reduction of his landlady. After the very shortest course, the tough, ex-hockey-playing Miss Dredger eats out of his hand. She even swallows the Great Pal. More, she invites a fat, implacable, detested hulk to share her roof and her allegiance. This is at Mr. Pye's request, for he intends the mountainous Miss George to be the highlight of his opening show—a midnight picnic at Derrible. Up to that point, all has gone swimmingly. And then the Great Pal ruins his effect. Mr. Pye takes it like an angel—with appalling consequences. Really it just won't do; and the evangelist goes haring for the other camp, into an even worse predicament. Now his dilemma is insoluble. Nor is it ever solved on earth, though it conducts him to a rebirth and a grand finale. And I felt sad that all this style and flourish and invention should be so far out of my element.

In "*The Sixth Wife*," by Jean Plaidy (Robert Hale; 10s. 6d.), we are on solid ground. Very familiar ground; for the sixth wife, of course, is Katharine Parr, who just came through, to make her only love-match—she had had two old gentlemen, and Bluebeard—and to break her heart. How often these Tudor histories have been retold, and how amazingly they stand it! Jean Plaidy is not among the showiest interpreters; she has a rather stilted, homespun air, but she is very thorough and agreeable. And honest, too. Her Bluebeard gets no sham allowances; he is a monster out and out, shutting back and forth between his murderous designs and his bad leg. When he feels better, Kate is to be axed; when he feels worse, she is his "little pig" again. I rather liked this view, and the cool attitude to Thomas Seymour, whom Kate unfortunately loved. The young Elizabeth, her stepdaughter and rival, is rather coldly drawn; but one can't say unfairly.

In "*An Afternoon to Kill*," by Shelley Smith (Collins; 9s. 6d.), young Mr. Lancelot Jones, with all his Oxford knowingness thick upon him, is flying to his first job as tutor at an Indian court, when the old 'plane cracks up over an unidentifiable desert. There is one building within view, and Mr. Jones plods off to it for shade and help. To his surprise, he finds a sturdy, peasant-like old Englishwoman living alone in Oriental comfort. She says her name is Alva Hine; and, to beguile the wait, unfolds the history of her seclusion. It is a flashback to Victorian maidenhood and melodrama: the ugly, comfortable house in Essex, the tea-merchant Papa, the mournful solitude after Mama's decease, with young Blanche Rose (for that is her real name) straining to "look after" Papa, her idol. And then, of course, the penniless young damsel and the second marriage; and melodrama thickening at every step, till the decreasing patronage of Mr. Jones becomes a straight, unphilosophic horror. Somehow the tale, for all its brilliance, is a little odd; and this is no less brilliantly explained at the twelfth hour.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FROM FARMHOUSES TO FRIGATES.

THE rich variety of English taste in architecture could hardly be better illustrated than by a survey of farmhouses. Every manor, as Mr. Martin S. Briggs tells us in "*The English Farmhouse*" (Batsford; 21s.), was originally a farm. Though this strikes me as a slightly sweeping statement, the majority of his photographs show how substantial and prosperous farmers have been at most periods in our history. And in case this sentiment produces an outcry, I hasten to add that Mr. Briggs' account stops at the Victorian farmhouse (1837-1901), and I am tempted to wonder how many new farmhouses have been built during the past fifty years, or whether we have been driven to live, in this as in so many other respects, on the riches of the past? Mr. Briggs conscientiously takes us back to the Bronze Age, when the introduction of the plough brought about one of the

first and most notable of the "improvements," after which agriculture, for all its association with the more conservative elements in our history, has striven so constantly. The Roman villas were, of course, farmhouses, or farmsteads, and Mr. Briggs does well to remind us how many of these were, in fact, occupied by cultured Britons, and not by Roman colonists. The monastic granges introduced another distinctive type of farm building, and the later Middle Ages, Tudor and Stuart times, and the eighteenth century, all contributed houses of beauty, individuality and charm. Many a "manor," "court" and "hall" ranks as a farmhouse, and it is not easy to know where to draw the line in a survey of this kind. Mr. Briggs has adopted as a criterion any "building of moderate size erected to meet the needs of a working farmer, whether he be the lord of the manor, or a tenant farmer or yeoman—regardless of its present use, even if it has now become a week-end retreat." This seems legitimate enough, and it gives the author a wide and satisfying range. It is odd that the early nineteenth century, which produced the lovely Regency style, should also have seen the introduction of such abominations as the *ferme ornée*, of "Grecian" or "Gothic" design. But the general impression which the reader will gain from this book is of abiding loveliness and consistently sound taste. We may well be proud of what we have to show to foreign visitors in this field—and I wonder how many of them, or of us, are aware of it?

Except for Westminster and the City of London, there can be few square miles in England so rich in historical association as Richmond and Kew. Miss Kathleen Courlander, who was born on Richmond Hill and has lived most of her life on the Green, is well qualified to set forth the district's history and topography in her "*Richmond*" (Batsford; 21s.), covering the whole period from the Norman dynasty to the present day. The first three Edwards used the Manor of Shene, and Chaucer refers to it in his "*Legend of Good Women*." Richard II.'s reign ended there; Henry VII. built Richmond Palace, and Henry VIII. "acquired" Hampton Court after Wolsey's disgrace. Elizabeth I. died at Richmond; Charles I. built the New Park; Lady Castlemaine, after a quarrel with Charles II., went off to Richmond in a huff. The eighteenth-century poets sang the praises of Richmond in elegant verses, and the Georges kept it in the fashion. The Duke and Duchess of Teck were married in St. Anne's Church on the Green. On December 16, 1952, the Richmond Town Hall was reopened by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. Altogether, I met many Royal, noble and delightful ladies in the pages of Miss Courlander's book, but there was only one whom I expected to find, and missed—the "sweet lass of Richmond Hill."

In April of this year the *Conway* ran aground and was wrecked in the Menai Straits, so that the republication after twenty years of Mr. John Masefield's "*The Conway*" (Heinemann; 25s.) is almost tragically appropriate. In 1859 the "school frigate" *Conway* was opened—to the accompaniment of an enthusiastic but pompous leading article in the *Liverpool Mercury*, which gave a detailed account of the boys' curriculum, and even of their stodge but ample diet. Mr. Masefield is himself an "old *Conway*," and his method of telling the ship's story is to quote, so far as possible, from the memories (most of them anonymously contributed) of as many old *Conways* as possible, thus covering most of the period of the ship's history. This gives a full and diversified account, but one could have wished that the author had not kept himself so modestly in the background. Not many poets-laureate emerge from training-ships, and the ordinary reader will be forgiven for wishing that the whale had not given place to quite so many minnows—excellent fish, in their way, but nothing to gape at! As to the story itself, it is told without any attempt at excessive glamour or *pietas*. There will always be the type of boy who reacts violently against any form of tough discipline, and such are allowed to have their occasional say. Training-ships, like schools, have their good and their bad periods, and the *Conway* was no exception. Admiration gives way to only a rare shudder.

I look forward each year to the appearance of "*Jane's Fighting Ships*" (Sampson Low; £4 4s.), with its opportunities for comparing big ships with little ones, and larger with smaller navies. This is usually a gratifying exercise for one of British nationality, and reminds me of a somewhat full-blooded A.B.C. for children, published about the turn of the century, which proclaimed to Edwardian nurseries: "C is for Colonies, Proudly we boast, That of all the great nations, Great Britain has most!" Alas! This is no longer true in the matter of ships, and, in any case, questions concerning tonnage and armament tend to become technical and involved. It is no longer a surprise to me—as it was before I became a regular "*Janeite*"—that the smaller nations, such as Ecuador and Thailand, possess ranking navies, and I never cease to be impressed by the advertisements.

Another first-class work of reference is "*Brassey's Annual*" (William Clowes; 63s.), which covers all three Services, and offers stimulating essays on such subjects as Commonwealth strategy and factors in Soviet policy. The contributors, who include Mr. Ian Harvey, M.P., and Mr. Alistair Buchan, are all distinguished authorities.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

A DELIGHTFUL short game from the early rounds of the Yugoslav Championship, which is still in progress at Belgrade:

RUY LOPEZ.

MATANOVIC	JANOSEVIC
White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K4
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3
3. B-Kt5	P-KB4?

This move, played either at once or after 3... P-QR3; 4. B-R4, has been re-introduced into tournament play, as a result of new analysis by Euwe, O'Kelly and others, after being under a cloud for several decades.

4. Kt-B3	Kt-B3
5. P×P	B-B4
6. Castles	Castles

Black has little compensation for the sacrificed pawn but, on the other hand, should have little difficulty in recovering it.

7. R-K1?

A natural sort of move which turns out badly; his king's bishop's pawn needed plenty of protection, as becomes evident later.

8. Kt-QR4

7. P-Q3  
P-K5!

A move of great combinative insight; he allows White to wreck his pawn position but realises that the ensuing mobility of his pieces will tell heavily...

9. Kt×B	P×Kt
10. B×Kt	P×B

Those horrid tripled pawns would be fatal to Black in an endgame; but there is going to be no endgame!

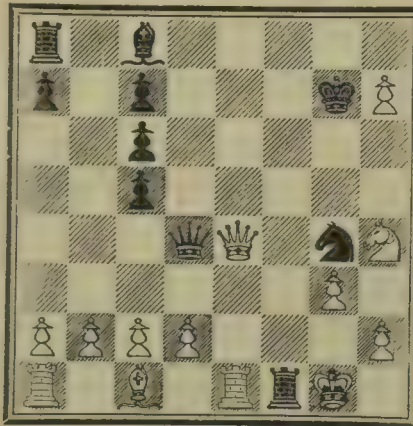
11. Kt-R4	P-Kt4!
12. P×P e.p.	Kt-Kt5
13. P×Pch	K-Kt2

13... K-R1 allowing 14. Kt-Kt6ch would be too kind. Now, if White tries 14. P-R8(Q)ch, Black answers 14... R×Q—e.g., 15. P-KKt3, R×Kt; 16. P×R, Q×RP and wins.

14. P-KKt3	Q-Q5
15. Q-K2	R×P
16. Q×P	R-B8!!

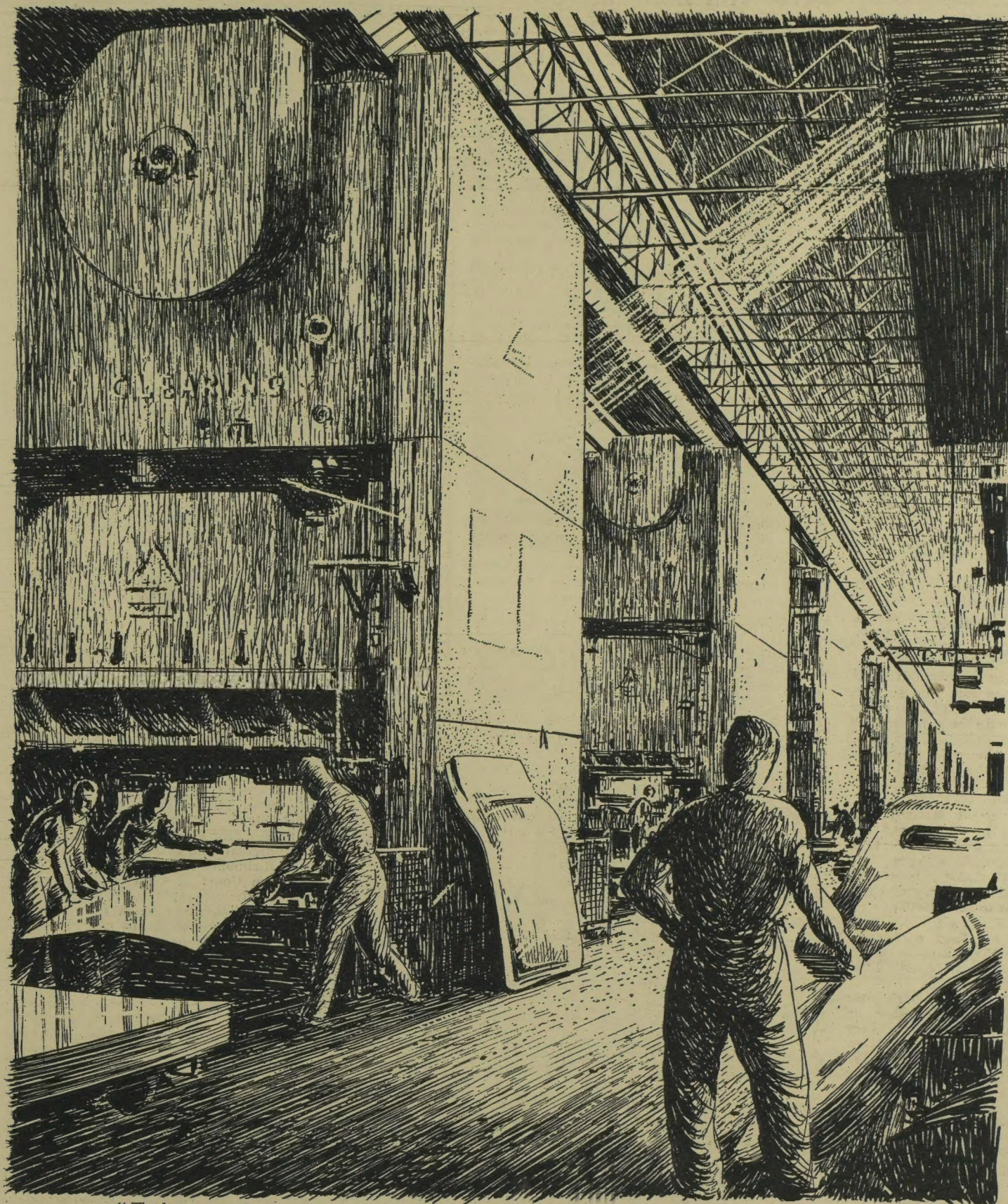
Double check. White, having only the choice between 17. K×R, Q-B7 mate and 17. K-Kt2, Q-B7ch, and 18... Q×RP mate, resigned.

Fiery stuff. Somewhat like their plum brandy.



SCENE: A blasted heath.





*An artist's impression of a battery of Clearing double-action presses in one of the vast press shops at Cowley, Oxford.*

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## HOW "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" RECORDED EVENTS OF THE PAST YEAR.



THE COVER OF THE CORONATION WEEK DOUBLE NUMBER OF MAY 30.



THE COVER OF THE CORONATION CEREMONY DOUBLE NUMBER OF JUNE 6.



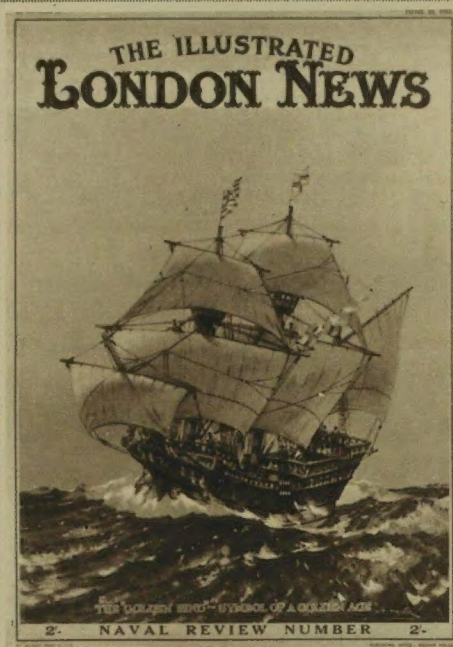
THE FAMILIAR RED-AND-GOLD COVER OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



THE COVER OF THE ROYAL TOUR SPECIAL NUMBER OF NOVEMBER 28.



OUR TRIBUTE TO A GREAT QUEEN: THE QUEEN MARY IN MEMORIAM NUMBER.



THE COVER OF THE NAVAL REVIEW NUMBER OF JUNE 20.



FROM OUR SPECIAL EVEREST NUMBER OF JUNE 27: TENSING ON THE VERY SUMMIT OF MOUNT EVEREST.



"THE MONNA LISA OF 2600 YEARS AGO": ONE OF THE REMARKABLE ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES ILLUSTRATED IN 1953.



DETAIL OF AN ENORMOUS BRONZE CRATER FOUND IN BURGUNDY: AN OUTSTANDING DISCOVERY OF 1953 (JUNE 13 ISSUE).

IN welcoming new readers of *The Illustrated London News* we are taking the opportunity of pointing out to those abroad the advantages of becoming postal subscribers. Here we illustrate the covers of the Special Numbers we have published in 1953; for which there was an enormous demand and supplies had necessarily to be rationed. However, every subscriber received a copy and, where the published price exceeded that of the ordinary issues, at no extra cost. Our Christmas Number, in its familiar red-and-gold cover, and with many Plates in Colour, soon goes out of print, but, again, the subscriber need not worry—he can be sure of receiving his copy. Our special features during the past year have

included a fully illustrated record of the conquest of Everest (June 27 issue), by arrangement with *The Times*; and a number of archaeological discoveries, two of which we show above—an ivory head found at Nimrud by Professor Mallowan and a remarkable bronze crater of the First Iron Age, found at Vix, near Chatillon-sur-Seine, by M. René Joffroy. Now is the time to ensure that you are not disappointed on such future occasions by making certain of receiving week by week every issue that we publish. We would also suggest to readers at home that their relatives or friends overseas would appreciate the gift of a subscription. Details of our Subscription Rates may be found on page 24.



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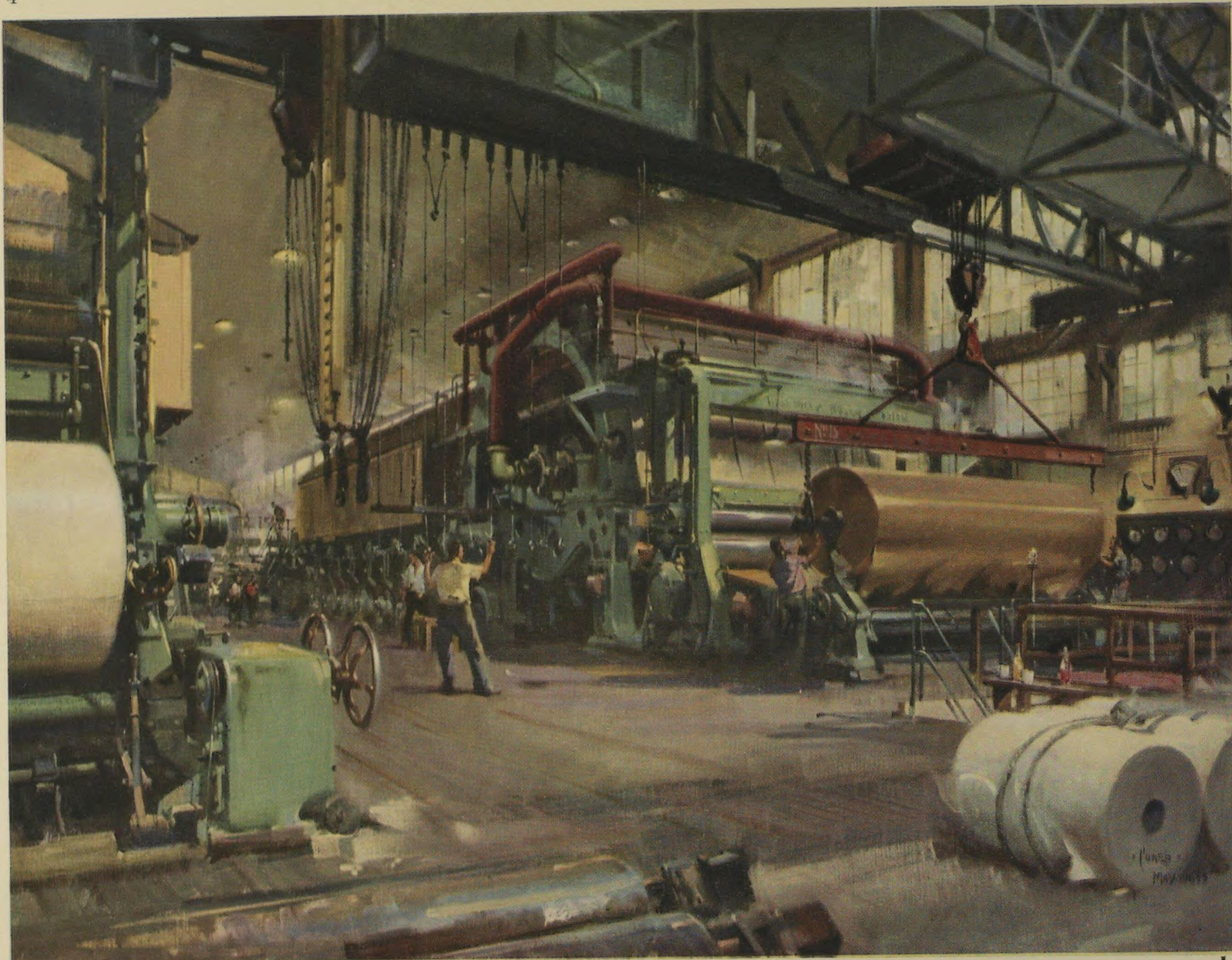
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